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BY

F. J. HUDLESTON

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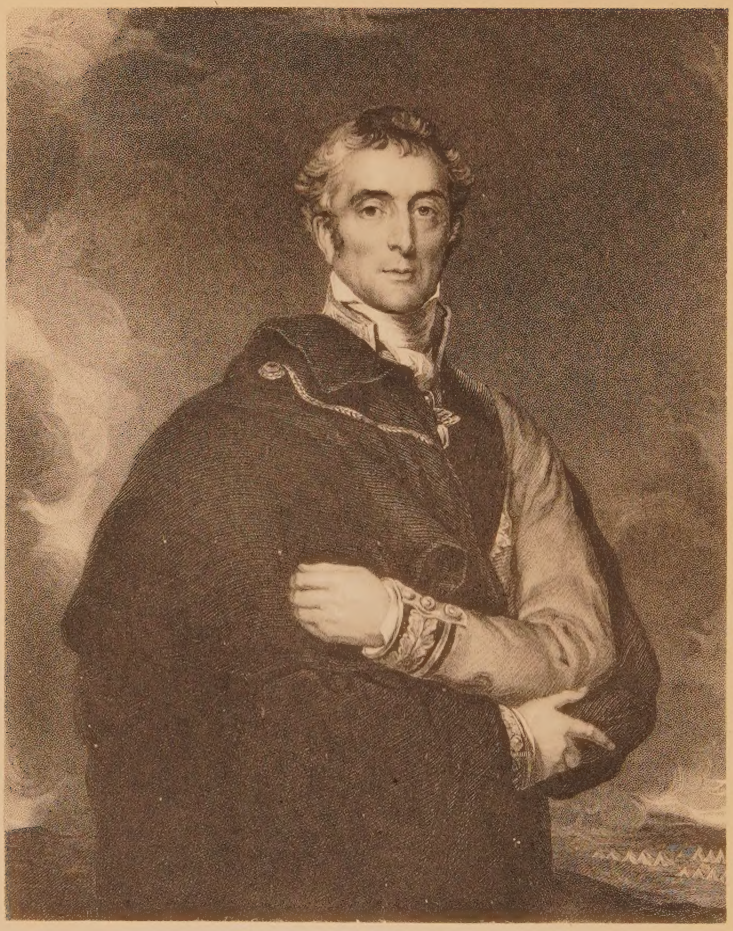

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

Engraved by H. T. Ryall from the painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence

warriors IN UNDRESS

by F. J. HUDLESTON

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"I know not how, but martiall men are given to love:
I think it is but as they are given to wine,
for perils commonly aske to be
paid in pleasures."
—BACON

ILLUSTRATED

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To

A "Polished Female Friend"

who always laughs in the right place

PREFACE

I REMEMBER many years ago seeing a military melodrama in which the hero, a gallant young soldier, was, owing to the machinations of the villain, falsely charged with some grave military misdemeanour, something like selling to a foreign diplomatist (with beard) a secret plan of the defences of Primrose Hill, and stood in imminent danger of having all his buttons forcibly removed *à la Dreyfus*. The villain — I am afraid he was a Major — had, so like the sad, bad, mad Majors of the past, strictly dishonourable intentions regarding the heroine (in a white frock). Indeed, the play might have been called, to borrow a phrase from the logicians, "Illicit Process of the Major." But the heroine, who, whenever she was on the stage, was pursued not only by the infamous Major's designs, but also by the strains of "The Girl I Left Behind Me", breaking, in the last Act (and in pink), I do not know how many sections of the "Manual of Military Law", and turning up her dear little nose at the "Rules of Procedure", rushed in before the assembled Court Martial and addressing them, but looking straight at the gallery, exclaimed in ringing tones, "A Court Martial may be able to control an army of soldiers, but it can NOT control the beatings of a woman's heart."

The effect was magical. The President of the Court

Martial said practically, though of course in legal phraseology, "That's done it," and shook the prisoner warmly by the hand; the Prosecutor quite openly wiped away a tear; the prisoner's gyves were instantly and with much clicking of heels removed from his wrists by those between whom he stood; everybody saluted each other very smartly and very stiffly; a lady in the gallery in her emotion dropped a half-sucked orange which nearly hit me on the head, and, shouting down a few graceful words of apology, requested the return of the fruit; the orchestra positively blared; a comic but exceedingly faithful Private, casting aside the shackles of discipline, shook his fist in the villain's face, exclaiming "You Dirty Dog"; and I have never seen a Major look so mean and "ornery" as Huckleberry Finn would say.

As a matter of fact what the heroine said is perfectly true: "Heart, Female, Beating of," has no place in the index to the Manual mentioned above. And yet, as we have seen, even a court martial can be human. What is also perfectly true, though sometimes we do not realize it, is that the sternest looking old warrior who ever on canvas in the National Portrait Gallery or elsewhere pointed a glittering sabre to a very trim and orderly battle proceeding — one really cannot say "raging" of anything so tidy — in the background, was at heart a human being.

> "The Colonel's lady
> And Judy O'Grady
> Are sisters under their skins."

I would not go so far as to say that General Sir Bingo Bangs (whose name occurs once or twice hereafter in

these pages) and Private Thomas Atkins are brothers. "The rules of the Service are imperative."[1] Discipline, I will not in these democratic days say Decency, forbids. But though they may not be brothers, they are both human beings, and Sir Bingo is much more so when he lays aside his stiff and starchy uniform and appears in undress. But there is not as a rule much said about this human side in the serious official lives to which almost all distinguished commanders come, sooner or later. I think one gets a better idea of what any hero of the past was really like from casual remarks made by his fellows. You might as well believe what Dr. Johnson calls a "lapidary inscription" as a formal biography, a kind of book which generally is, as Sheridan expressed it, "curst hard reading."

In the following sketches I have tried to give some idea of what some national soldier-heroes looked like to their contemporaries. These sketches are merely rough snapshots, not elaborate, full-length portraits: the frozen photographic smile, that ghastly grin which poor mankind used to assume when urged by the photographer with his black velvet head-wrapping to "try and look pleasant", will not be seen here. (How *could* our fathers and grandfathers "look pleasant" standing, most unpleasantly, with one leg slightly bent, and so be-bearded and be-whiskered that their peepy little eyes are only just visible, in front of a what-not on which there reposed, in sullen grandeur, a colossal and ominous silk hat?)

[1] An *obiter dictum* of that great authority on the Laws and Customs of Warriors, Mr. Dowler.

I have taken a Royal Duke, an ordinary Duke (almost the greatest General we have ever had, though recently he has been placed below Robert E. Lee), a patriot who degenerated into a buttinski who nosey-parkered [1] his way into another country's troubles, some British and American soldiers of the eighteenth century, some of the young Queen Victoria's Generals, a soldier of fortune, and an Extraordinary Career. I have tried to show by copious quotation what the Ideal General should be like, and how the young warrior, who aspires to be such, should comport himself. I have indicated the sort of questions which soldiers whom I have known have wanted answered; and, finally, I have tried to set out the reasons why warriors from time to time have had to pit their brains and intelligence against each other in what used to be called the tented field, but, nowadays, is mostly mud. And all the time I have tried, and I am glad to say I have not found it very difficult, not to be too serious.

My excuse for writing about Warriors in Undress is that my official life has been spent almost entirely in a building in which they abound, so I think I can claim to know something about them. And I should like to say, here, that I do not think I have ever met any one holding His Majesty's commission who did not possess a sense of the ridiculous. I believe, although it does not appear in the curriculum, that it must be secretly taught and cultivated at Woolwich, Sandhurst and the Staff College. It has, indeed, often been a great pleasure to me to hear, in one of the not most cheerful rooms, owing to its subterranean position, in the building just mentioned, the

[1] He was a foreigner, which is why I use these two exotic words.

welkin (as supplied per sealed pattern by H.M. Office of Works) ring with "the loud laugh that speaks" not "the vacant mind", but a keen appreciation of anything quaint or ludicrous. Which, surely, is an excellent thing, for, as some great poetess, whose name I have completely forgotten, has remarked in a world-famous poem, the title of which, for the moment, eludes me:

Laugh! and the world laughs with you, for laughter is ne'er out of place.
Weep! and your dearest friend will turn you a frozen face.

NOTE. — Some of these essays have already appeared in the *Army Quarterly* and the *Fighting Forces*. I am indebted to Messrs. William Clowes and Sons and to Messrs. Gale and Polden for their kind permission to reprint them.

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"KING ARTHUR"

(*The Duke of Wellington*)

"KING ARTHUR"

(*The Duke of Wellington*)

GEORGE IV had probably as many faults as mistresses, but there were redeeming features in his character. He was not so false as his brother, Cumberland; so pompous as his brother, Kent; so half-baked as his brother, Clarence. He treated Mrs. Fitzherbert shamefully, but he always wore her miniature, and it was buried with him. He was an excellent mimic, and would take off to perfection the solemn politicians of his day, Messrs. Boodle, Coodle and Doodle. He possessed, as Mr. Turveydrop noticed, that rare gift, Deportment, and had the courage to wear a kilt when owning a figure not altogether suited for that scanty garb. He bestowed a baronetcy upon Walter Scott, and he gave the Duke of Wellington the admirable nickname at the head of this article.

Many volumes have been written about the Duke as a soldier, our greatest General since Marlborough, and, indeed, never likely to be eclipsed, as our next great General, if mechanicalization goes the full swing, is likely to be a kind of Internal Combustion Robot; and you cannot compare a man with a machine. There have also been many biographies of the Duke, mostly indifferent, excepting, of course, that by Sir Herbert Maxwell. Most of these lives are painfully official panegyrics, and it is difficult to get from them any idea as to what he really

was as a man. The truth seems to be that he was not, as others have pointed out, a lovable character.

He was, of course, first and foremost, an aristocrat; although the Duc de Berri described him, rather ungratefully, as a parvenu. It is typical that the best-known incident of his schooldays is that he fought and knocked out a boy of the plebeian name of Smith (Bobus Smith, brother of the Cheerful Canon). He was always an enemy of what the early Victorians used to call "Calico and Cant." He distrusted and loathed the populace, and democracy filled him with disgust. The soldiers who helped him to win battles were "scum", and the only thing that did them any good was flogging.

But, after all, is there anything more impressive than a real old "honest-to-God", blue-blooded, red-nosed, purple-cheeked, port-drinking, fox-hunting English peer? Not, of course, a peer of more modern creation, like "Lord Plush" (of Plush's Perfect Pies) and his fellows; many of whom, probably, do not know who and what their great-grandfathers were, or, if they do know, would not wish any one else to share their knowledge of facts which you will certainly not find in Burke. For "burke", thanks to the ingenious friend of Mr. Hare, is a verb as well as a proper name.

There is an historical picture commemorating the completion of the "Dispatches", showing the Duke looking somewhat haughty, and his editor, Colonel Gurwood, looking like a Melancholy Monument of Dyspepsia. One would give much to have a companion painting to this, by that eminent Victorian artist, Augustus Fudge, R.A., portraying young Mr. Alfred Tennyson ("Schoolmiss

Alfred ", as Lord Lytton called him) announcing to the Duke that he (Mr. A. T.), after giving the matter his serious consideration, had, on the whole, come to the conclusion that Kind Hearts were more than Coronets, and Simple Faith than Norman Blood. (And Echo answered: *Blood!*)

Stemmata quid faciunt? Well, if they do nothing else they enable one to go about one's business, or pleasure, without worrying unduly about other people's feelings. What Englishman, for example, cannot but admire that later Duke, who, on being informed " by a demnition Yankee, by Gad, Sir ", that he (the condemned one) was, as the courteous American phrase goes, " pleased to meet him," drew himself up, and said, with icy hauteur, " And so you damned well ought to be." It is incidents like this which cause one to quote with faltering voice and glistening eye those noble lines (written by another Duke) equal in sentiment to anything in " Paradise Lost ":

> Let wealth and commerce, laws and learning die,
> But leave us still our old Nobility.

Perhaps the Duke of Wellington carried his carelessness for other people's feelings almost to an extreme, as witness the cases of Norman Ramsay, Colonel Bevan, Major Todd, Colonel Sturgeon and Colonel Gurwood.

The Ramsay incident took place two days after Vittoria. Ramsay was in the Artillery, an arm in praise of which the Duke was always very grudging, some might say, unjust. He had intended that Ramsay's troop should not move until he himself had sent orders, and he declared that he had told Ramsay so. Ramsay got a different idea

of what the Duke had said and produced four witnesses who gave exactly the same account of the Duke's instructions as he himself. The Duke would not hear a word, Ramsay's name was left out of the dispatch and he was kept under arrest for four weeks. "He was present with his troop at Waterloo, and Wellington spoke kindly to him as he rode down the line. Ramsay did not answer, merely bowed his head gravely, and was shot through the heart [like George Osborne] about 4 p.m."

The Bevan incident is more painful. Lord Stanhope (Wellington's Boswell) once asked him, "How came the French garrison (under Brennier) at Almeida to escape?" The Duke: "That was the fault of our Colonel Bevan, who afterwards shot himself when he had found out what he had done. *I don't think* (one cannot omit italics) *it appears in the Dispatches*." What really seems to have happened is that Sir William Erskine, who, before he went out to the Peninsula had been under restraint as a lunatic, and who was not unacquainted with the Demon, Rum, kept an important order in his pocket and forgot to send it to Colonel Bevan. Sir C. Oman says, "Public opinion in the army held that Bevan had been sacrificed to the hierarchical theory that a General must be believed before a Lieutenant-colonel."

Another incident that "does not appear in the Dispatches" (though it probably gave the Recording Angel food for thought) is the case of Major Todd. The ghastly snobbishness of this is almost incredible. The Rev. G. R. Gleig [1] tells the story. Major Todd of the

[1] Whom I remember describing many years ago in the *Army Review* — an early literary victim of the European War — as "an indefatigable bookmaker." Alas! How flippant one can be when young!

Staff Corps was the son of the butler of one of the Royal Dukes. Soon after the army had entered France from the Pyrenees, a bridge, for the construction of which he was responsible, broke down. The Duke was at dinner. Major Todd arrived and was promptly informed that his excuses were worthless. He stood riveted to the ground near the Duke's chair. Wellington turned round with, "Are you going to take up your father's trade?" The next day there was a skirmish in a vineyard, and the officer in command of our troops, seeing Todd present, rode up to him and said, "They can hardly miss you if you place yourself in an alley like that." "I don't want them to," was the answer, and "almost immediately the poor fellow dropped dead, riddled with musket balls."

General Sir George Napier[1] tells us a somewhat similar story of the same date about Colonel Sturgeon, also of the Staff Corps. Colonel Sturgeon, who had done admirable work during the Peninsular War, was Commandant of the Corps of Guides, and when called upon by the Duke upon an important occasion to produce a guide, was unable to do so. "He was very severely reprimanded by Lord Wellington in presence of a number of officers who were at dinner at headquarters. Poor Sturgeon sank completely under it, and a few days afterward, took the opportunity to gallop in among the enemy's skirmishers, and got shot through the head." Sir George adds, "I am sure Lord Wellington felt it afterwards and deeply,[2] too, but he always kept to that system of never acknowledging he was wrong or mistaken." It is an extraordinary

[1] The Duke summed up the Napiers admirably: "All clever — but troublesome."

[2] One wonders.

coincidence that there should have been two unhappy cases like this at the same place and date. It seems very probable that Gleig, who, of course, as an ex-Chaplain General, could not be guilty of a lie, has confused Major Todd with Colonel Sturgeon. He was a very old man when he wrote his "Reminiscences", and Todd was certainly not killed on this occasion.

It is also the pleasantly garrulous Gleig who gives us the case of Colonel Gurwood. Gurwood, the editor of the "Dispatches", had kept a careful diary of the Duke's conversation, just as Lord Stanhope did. But Gurwood was not a Peer, and when the Duke heard what he had done, he sent for him and requested that the MS. should be burnt. "He made a bonfire of his precious memoranda, and he never held up his head again." He cut his throat in December, 1845. The Duke gave no "sign of commiseration", but peremptorily demanded what papers had been in the possession of the dead man. Mrs. Gurwood, the delightful Fanny Mayer of that fascinating book, "A Romance of the Nineteenth Century", by C. H. Dudley Ward, wrote a letter to the Duke, the tone and temper of which "seem to have touched him on a raw spot." The apology that he wrote to the indignant and unhappy widow was of a very grudging nature.

That the Duke was an excellent father is evident from the fact that he declined to encourage his eldest son in extravagance by refusing to pay Mrs. Tompkins for his son's washing bill, which this good lady complained had been outstanding for some time; and also from the story that he joined Crockford's so as to be able to blackball

the Marquis of Douro. Lord Douro told Sir William Napier, in 1830, that Sir John Moore was as great a man as his father, which is perhaps arguable, and he added that "what he liked best in Sir John Moore was his kindness of disposition" — which is significant. The Duke did much for his brother and his brother did more for him. But when his brother died he said of him — on the day of his death — "an agreeable man — when he had his own way." There is nothing so vulgar as fraternal gush.

But the Iron Duke could unbend, and was distinctly a ladies' man.[1] Who was not at this period? He said that no woman ever loved him; but, from all accounts, he himself was not insensible to female blandishments, nor did he cast a cold and disapproving eye upon the charms of the fair. But he was discreet. Mr. Windham (who, one is apt to forget, was a friend of Doctor Johnson) in defending the Duke of York, said, "If a Commander-in-Chief is to have a mistress, one hardly knows how he should regulate his conduct so as to render it less injurious to public morals." The same may be said of the Duke of Wellington. It is related of him that a phrenologist, whom he once consulted, was much struck by his bump of caution. Young Mr. W. E. Gladstone also noticed this in 1836. He addressed several remarks to the Duke, possibly on those lively topics, Church and State, and the Duke, rather in the manner of an Edmund Lear limerick, merely replied "Ha!" The simplicity of this "Ha!"

[1] George Elers, writing of Wellington in India in 1801, says: "Colonel Wellesley had at that time a very susceptible heart, particularly towards, I am sorry to say, married ladies."

must have struck that master of tortuous verbiage, the late G.O.M., like a brick dropped from a great height upon his head.[1] Lord Lytton wrote of the Duke:

> "Warm if his blood, he reasons while he glows;
> Admits the Pleasure, ne'er the Folly knows.
> If for our Mars his snare had Vulcan set,
> He had won the Venus; but escaped the net."

Which is sad stuff. Moreover, it is not human to "glow" and reason at the same time. Basil Jackson, in his "Notes and Reminiscences of a Staff Officer", tells us of a glowing episode in Brussels, just before Waterloo. He was sitting in the park when a "very great man walked past, and immediately a carriage drove up and a lady got out of it and joined him. They went down into a hollow where the trees completely screened them. Another carriage then arrived and from it alighted Lady M. N., who went peering about searching in vain for her daughter, Lady F. W." Lady Mountnorris seems to have been an interfering old lady, and the Duke had later to write to Captain Webster, Lady Frances's husband, that he "declined to have any communication with Lady Mountnorris." In this story of Jackson's one does not know whether to admire more the strategist who brought the lady unchaperoned to the battlefield, or the tactician who immediately took cover.

Mrs. Arbuthnot was another of his fair friends. The mischievous Creevey[2] calls her "the Beau's Flirt." She

[1] The Duke could be even more laconic than this. At midnight, after Waterloo, when von Muffling said to him: "The Field-Marshal (Blücher) will call the battle 'Belle-Alliance' he made no answer, and I perceived at once that he had no intention of giving it this name."

[2] Creevey had a nickname for everybody. His own should have been "The Gossiping Imp."

MRS. ARBUTHNOT

From a Miniature at Apsley House

was a beauty of the day and was, with her husband, the Duke's constant companion. Scandal was whispered of them, but *ce cher* Gleig, while admitting that she and the Duke walked together arm-in-arm in the streets, remarks, very wisely, "Regent Street is scarcely the locality which persons meditating any outrage on decorum would select as the place of recreation." I am sure all my readers, whichever their sex, will endorse this.[1] It is pleasant to read that Mr. Gleig firmly believed in the "possible existence of a pure and lasting friendship between persons of opposite sexes": the fact that he was nearly ninety when he wrote this is immaterial. How different from that cynical and slightly deaf general officer who, when asked by a lady, "Do you, then, General, believe that Platonic affection is impossible, even in the case of a philosopher?" replied coldly, "Madam, I can make no exception, not even in the case of a Field Officer." Perhaps he was right, at all events so far as field officers are concerned. In the Duke's relations with women there is nothing queerer than the "Miss J." episode. Miss J. was that astounding Young Person whose correspondence with the Duke, ranging from 1834 to 1851, lay hidden "in a trunk in an attic within thirty miles of New York City" until 1890, when it was published in this country.[2] An attic near New York City does not somehow inspire confidence: indeed, I have seen many at the cinema and they are generally most sinister. Were I a

[1] Although, of course, as the old story has it, those who walk up or down Regent Street can always "take Liberty's on the way."

[2] It was reprinted in 1924. It is curious that it was also in New York that another batch of famous love letters was discovered. These were the letters of Mrs. Piozzi (Dr. Johnson's Mrs. Thrale) to "dearest Mr. Conway", the handsome actor. She was nearly eighty when she wrote them. What would the Doctor have said!

native of the city in question, I should be inclined to describe the whole story as *bunk*. But there can be no doubt from the style and wording of the Duke's letters that they are genuine. Sir Herbert Maxwell, who has seen the actual MSS., says that "they are indubitably in the Duke's handwriting."

Miss J. appears, to use the modern jargon, to have suffered from complexes and repressions. She began well by converting "poor Cook, a hardened criminal lying under sentence of death." She then, although Bonaparte and Waterloo were mere vague names to this attractive young woman, turned her attention to the Duke of Wellington, and persuaded him to call upon her. He "waited in the parlour" and Miss J., "after compliments", as they used to say in the East, said, "I will now show you my Treasure!" She did so. It proved to be — was the Duke, one wonders, disappointed? — "a large beautiful Bible." Shortly afterwards "to my astonishment he eagerly seized my hand, exclaiming "Oh! *How I love you.*" This remarkable interview (for which, of course, we have only Miss J.'s authority — it is not "mentioned in the Dispatches") ended with the Duke exclaiming: "God Almighty!"

Nor can one blame him. And he must have repeated it many a time with a groan, for this singular girl pelted him with letters, tracts and "spectacle wipers." Her avowed object was to save his poor sinful soul, which she appears to have regarded as being black, with yellow spots. The Duke's courtesy in bearing with her evangelical frenzies is remarkable, but, as he said himself, "I am in the habit of writing answers to all letters." And, indeed, he

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON
AND JOHN GURWOOD

From a painting by Morton in the Wallace Collection

was, for "Miss J." received from him some three hundred and ninety letters, of most of which he might have said:

"On fire that glows
With heat intense
I turn the hose
Of Common Sense."

Poor Miss J., in fact, suffered from religious mania. Her real name was Jenkins and her motto, so far as the Duke was concerned, appears to have been, "Up Jenkins and at him."

That careful observer, Greville, wrote of Wellington, "The Duke is a very *hard* man, he takes no notice of any of his family,[1] he never sees his mother,[2] and has only visited her two or three times in the last few years; and he has not now been to see Lady Anne, though she has been in such affliction for the death of her only son, and he passes her door every time he goes to Strathfieldsaye." His brother also said that "he had a hard heart."[3]

He inherited from his father a taste for music, and, when a subaltern, was fond of playing the violin: in later years Madame de Lieven would play "Hanoverian

[1] "He seems," says Larpent, "not to think much about you when once you are out of the way."

[2] Who, however, one must remember, when he was a child, used to call him "my ugly boy", and said contemptuously that he "would be only food for powder."

[3] Elers, who had been on the best of terms with Col. Wellesley in India, offered him, in 1836, a "Newfoundland Dog." Wellington wrote back coldly, "The Duke has no occasion for a Newfoundland Dog and will not deprive Mr. Elers of him." No wonder poor Elers endorsed another letter from the Duke: "Can this man have a heart!!" It is painful to learn from the editor of the Elers "Memories" "There is no trace of what became of the Dog after the Duke's refusal to adopt it."

Waltzes" upon the piano, and he would accompany her on that pleasant, but not very difficult instrument, the triangle. He was a constant attendant at the concerts of Ancient Music[1] at the Hanover Square Rooms, and, when there, "always took care to sit between two handsome women on a sofa." He had a grim rather than a keen sense of humour, and Lord Broughton says that he had only made one joke in his life, and that not a very good one. When some plan of the youthful Disraeli's had miscarried, the Duke remarked, "The Jew boy's harp is out of tune." Disraeli bore no malice, and, when Wellington died, delivered a magnificent panegyric on him — which he borrowed almost in its entirety from an *oraison funèbre* by Thiers. But the Duke made one excellent bon mot: when the mob in Pall Mall insisted on his saying "God bless Queen Caroline," he did so, and added, sardonically, "And may all your wives be like her." His laugh was not melodious: indeed, Sam Rogers says that it was "like the whoop of a whooping-cough often repeated."

Lord Stanhope said of him that he was fond of children, and particular mention is made of his kindness to "Oggy" and "Bo" (both in the Peerage, though not under these delightful names). This is all very well, but were children fond of him? I happen to know a benevolent and mild old gentleman who is as fond of children as he is of cats. And I have been privileged to observe a child, so soon as this fond old gentleman's back was, apparently, turned, contort his little face horribly and protrude his ungrateful little tongue until he looked more like a gargoyle than a Soaring Human Boy.

[1] Which of course does not mean Stone Age, but what we call Classical.

There are two remarkable instances of the Duke's generosity. He gave Alava [1] the run of his bank — but Alava was a grandee. He offered a sum of money to Lord Hill when in difficulties — but Lord Hill ("Daddy" as his men called him) was in face and nature a military Samuel Pickwick, and radiated benevolence. One cannot help thinking that this was the reason for the Duke's offer, just as Tony Weller offered to help Mr. Pickwick because he was the most kind-hearted man that this unfortunate victim to the wiles of a "widder" had ever met.

He did not make a parade of religion, but with his stern sense of duty, believed implicitly in the doctrines of the Church of England as by Law Established. W. H. Fitchett puts it well: "He had the same sort of belief in religion that he had in the Regulations of the War Office." In the pleasant old manner, he had in his pew at the Strathfieldsaye church "a little stove heated by wood which he kept supplying pretty frequently." According to Gleig he usually went to sleep during the sermon, and sometimes "snored audibly." And no wonder: most "War Office Regulations" are more lively reading than the average country parson's sermons of the Duke's day.

One is strongly tempted to believe that there is something in the theory that Wellington was raised up by Providence [2] to be a Scourge to Napoleon. In this con-

[1] Alava was not only present at Trafalgar and Waterloo, but was also the nephew of an Inquisitor. That this is a record there can be, to quote a gentleman in the same line of business as Alava's uncle, "No manner of doubt, No possible, probable shadow of doubt, No possible doubt whatever."

[2] He wrote from the field of Waterloo to Lady Frances Webster, "I have escaped unhurt: the finger of Providence was on me."

nection the hard-headed Greville has a very curious note in recording the death of Huskisson in 1830. Huskisson was accidentally killed by one of the pernicious, new-fangled Steam Loco-Motives before the very eyes of the Duke. Greville writes: "As to the Duke of Wellington, a fatality attends him, and it is perilous to cross his path. Canning had scarcely reached the zenith of his power, when he was swept away; and no sooner is he (the Duke) reduced to a state of danger and difficulty than the ablest of his adversaries is removed by a chance beyond all power of calculation." Odd words these, from a dried-up old public servant, that "old official hack of quality" as Carlyle calls the Gruncher.

This Scourge theory is a very attractive theory, and would explain many things. You cannot expect a Predestined Scourge to be kind-hearted and affable.

But the Duke, whatever his failings as a man, never lost a gun, and, Blücher or no Blücher, beat "Boney" at "that damned near run thing, that pounding match", Waterloo, where, as everybody knows, Lord Anglesey suddenly observed, "By God, I've lost my leg!" "Have you, by God?" replied the Duke. There is a noble simplicity about this reply; it is what the French call *un mot historique*. Is there any phrase in English military history equal to it?

We are too near to the Great War to be able to guess what the Muse of History will say of the chief actors in it. The memories of its battles will live for ever on the Colours, and Macaulay's New Zealander will gravely salute the Cenotaph. But will the names of the Generals who won it, and who lost it, and of the politicians who

did what they did, ever become such household words as the names of Napoleon and Wellington always have been and always will be?

This is a question to which one can only reply in the terse and expressive phrase of Main Street — "Search me."

FREDERICK, THE SOLDIER'S FRIEND

(*Frederick Augustus, Duke of York and Albany*)

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WITH the exception of that engaging child, poor little Octavius, who died, aged four, in 1783, Frederick Augustus, Duke of York and Albany, was George III's favourite son. He was born on the 16th of August, 1763, at the "Queen's House"[1] in St. James' Park, somewhat publicly in the presence of the Princess Dowager of Wales, several Lords of the Privy Council and Ladies of the Bedchamber. This little boy, quite apart from the occasion of his christening, soon made a noise in the world. A few months after his birth his father, in his capacity of Elector of Hanover, caused his son to be declared Bishop of Osnaburg, which led to an acrimonious discussion between the Chapter, the Elector of Cologne and the Regency of Hanover as to the management of the bishopric during the little Prince's minority. Four thousand medals, the work of "the ingenious Thomas Pingo" ("Phœbus! What a name!"), were struck on this occasion, and another equally ingenious gentleman, James Burgh, dedicated shortly afterwards a volume of essays "To the Right Reverend Father in God, of three years old, His Royal Highness Prince Frederick, Bishop of Osnaburg." Meanwhile, the little Prince played with his elder brother, George, at Kew, and Richmond Lodge, had the whooping-cough, was in-

[1] Where Buckingham Palace now stands.

oculated for the smallpox, invested with the insignia of the Bath (aged four), given his Garter (aged six), and on Sunday evenings, with his older brother (poor little children!), would have the privilege of listening to His Majesty's readings from "some of our best divines." The names of his tutors are now all forgotten, but one whose name was recommended, but by some fortunate chance rejected, is still remembered, the notorious Doctor William Dodd, who, in spite of Doctor Johnson's petition, ended on the gallows for forgery. The little Princes were tied to their books for eight hours a day, but it is pleasant to relate, found time enough to acquire singular proficiency at "single-wicket cricket on Kew Green", and also had their own little farm at Kew, which they ploughed, weeded, sowed with wheat, threshed and milled the wheat, made it into bread and, quite like Masters Sandford and Merton, "invited their parents to partake of the philosophical repast." In short, he seems to have had a very happy childhood is spite of the cares of his bishopric.

In 1780, he was gazetted Colonel, and his Royal parents decided to send him for a long stay in Germany, then the home of military science, to be educated for the Army. Here, at Brunswick, he made his first acquaintance with the Prussian Exercise, which, later, Sir David Dundas was to introduce into the British Army; and at Berlin paid his respects to the Great Frederick, and attended the manœuvres in Silesia. On this occasion there was some plain speaking on the part of the Royal umpire. His officers manœuvred so badly that several of them were put under arrest, and Frederick roundly declared,

"were I to make Generals of shoemakers and tailors the regiments could not be worse." The men in Von Erlach's regiment, so the angry monarch asseverated, "looked like smugglers and marched like cabbages and turnips." A very pleasant field day altogether. While at Potsdam the Duke met H.R.H. Frederica Charlotte Ulrica Catherine, the Princess Royal of Prussia, "of a *petite stature* but," like all Princesses that ever were, "elegantly formed;" she in later life became Duchess of York.[1] The Duke of York had several narrow escapes in his life, but none so narrow as that connected with his marriage. For the Duke of Brunswick had hoped that his nephew Frederick would marry his daughter, Caroline, who, later became the unlucky consort of the equally unlucky George IV.

The Duke of York returned from Germany in 1787, and when he arrived at Windsor, it was, Miss Fanny Burney tells us, "an affecting sight to view the general content. But that of the King went to my very heart. So delighted he looked; so proud of his son; so benevolently pleased that everyone should witness his satisfaction." The Prince of Wales came posthaste from Brighton to Windsor, exceeding the limit all the way, as was his Royal habit in every thing throughout life, and "there

[1] The Princess Royal of Prussia was the daughter of Frederick William and Elizabeth of Brunswick, whom he divorced. This Princess of Brunswick appears to have been of a cynical disposition. When she heard, in exile, that her daughter was betrothed to the second son of the King of Great Britain she remarked (so Lord Holland tells us) that "it was a good match enough for the daughter of Müller the musician." But Frederick William himself was just as bad: *Maitressenwirtschaft* was his hobby. Indeed, the head of the House of Brandenburg, as he heard of his nephew's escapades, might often have observed bitterly in the words of the Cockney lyrist: "Ours *is* a nice House, ours is."

never," remarked Princess Augusta, "had been so happy a dinner since the world was created."

But there were those about the Court who anticipated the worst. Some few months after his return it was whispered that "his amours were numerous", and it was feared that he would "entangle himself with a *habitude*." She duly came along, so the Mrs. Clackits of the day tell us, in the person of the Countess of Tyrconnel, whom another *habitude*, the southern Lass of Richmond Hill,[1] Mrs. Fitzherbert, denounced as "a lady of contaminate character." General Grenville, who had been the Duke's bear leader in Germany, was much upset. He writes to Lord Cornwallis: "I am sorry to say that we go on at a most furious rate; and I cannot but lament most sincerely certain points of our conduct, which I hope we shall correct before it is too late." Listen also to Lord Bulkeley: "The Duke of York never misses a night at Brooks's, where the hawks pluck his feathers unmercifully and have reduced him to the vowels I.O.U." But the young Prince was shortly to show that whatever excesses natural high spirits and the contagious example of a volatile elder brother may have led him into, "we" had the courage of "our" race. This he proved in his duel with Colonel Lennox, afterwards Duke of Richmond, and famous for his Brussels ball. This duel, according to the Gruncher,[2] had its origin, like a more famous encounter, that between the medical officer of the

[1] The real lass of Richmond Hill was a Miss I'Anson of Richmond, Yorks. The sentiment "I'd crowns resign, to call her mine" in the charming old song was the reason for the popular opinion that Mrs. Fitzherbert had inspired it.

[2] See *Greville Journal*, i., p. 62.

97th Regiment and a member of a certain celebrated London club, in a ballroom, where three masks spoke insultingly of the Prince of Wales. The Duke suspecting one of them to be Colonel Lennox, of his own regiment, spoke to him to such effect that, later, the Colonel demanded an explanation. To which the Duke with commendable spirit replied that "off parade he wore a grey [1] coat, and as a private gentleman was ready to give him satisfaction if he pleased." The meeting took place on Wimbledon Common, the Duke being seconded by Lord Rawdon, and Colonel Lennox by Lord Winchelsea. "The signal being given, Lieut.-Colonel Lennox fired, and the ball grazed his Royal Highness's curl. The Duke of York did not fire." The whole party returned to town, the Duke going immediately to Charlton House and hailed the Prince of Wales, "Brother, it is all over and all is quite well; but I have no time to tell you particulars, for I must go to the tennis-court." A curious sequel, typical of this romantic age, was that Colonel Lennox's sister begged, and was granted, the Royal curl that her brother had shot away.

The next important event in the Duke's life (if one omits the measles which he had at this time) was his marriage to the Princess Royal of Prussia in 1791. On this interesting occasion "the Duchess was dressed in white satin with tassels and fringe of gold, the Duke was in his regimentals, and the Prince of Wales in a chocolate-coloured suit." The Duke, in spite of some philanderings, one of which, as we shall see, made some stir, was, for his period and position, a kind and considerate husband, and the two lived, on the whole, on excellent terms,

[1] It is a minute point, but some authorities say brown.

notwithstanding, or perhaps thanks to, the fact that he dwelt in London while she lived at Oatlands, in Surrey, "entirely surrounded" as the geography books say, by pets, chiefly little dogs, of which she had forty. She appears to have had the kindest of hearts. "She is delighted," says Greville, "when anybody gives her a dog, or a monkey, or a parrot, of all of which she has a vast number. If she were to see anybody beat or kick any of her dogs, she would never forgive it."

The Duke was not destined to be a success in the field. But in considering his first campaign in Holland we must remember that he had not a free hand, and that the Army was in a shocking state. The real commander was the Prince of Coburg, and the Cabinet at home had, not a finger, but a fist, in the pie. Regarding the state of the Army Sir Henry Bunbury writes "our army was lax in its discipline, entirely without system, and very weak in numbers. Each Colonel of a regiment managed it according to his own notions, or neglected it altogether. There was no uniformity of drill or movement; professional pride was rare; professional knowledge still more so."

The real cause of failure was that the Cabinet insisted that the Duke of York and his troops should undertake the siege of Dunkirk; this was on the recommendation not of Coburg, not of Mack his Chief of Staff, not of the Duke, but — of Lord Chancellor Rosslyn. Just as, in later years — but that is another story.

But it was during this unfortunate campaign that the Duke of York laid the foundations of that popularity with the rank and file upon which was finally raised the

column which is familiar to every Londoner. In a very simple, unaffected *Impartial Journal* by Corporal Robert Brown of the Coldstream Guards, there are constant references to his care and thoughtfulness for his men. "H.R.H. frequently visits the trenches in person, and seems much pleased with the alertness of the men at work." "H.R.H. has ordered an additional quantity of wood to be issued out to the men; and also a quantity of liquor, which not a little contributes to preserve the health and spirits of the troops." "The C.-in-C. desires that the officers commanding brigades will have distributed to their men a full allowance of rum [1] for this day [May 2, 1794], which H.R.H. will pay for." "H.R.H., always attentive to the good of the soldiers, issued an order directing the commanding officers of regiments to pay very particular attention to the provision of necessaries for the sick sent to the general hospitals." On this the Duke was particularly insistent. He issued, in January, 1795, a most practical general order that an inspecting officer

[1] Rum came into its own again in the European War. The Navy had always remained faithful to it, as is evident from the lyric which the "Follies" used to sing with such enthusiasm:

When Beresford
Arrives on board
The first thing he wants is — RUM.
And Percy Scott
He likes it hot
And he drinks quite a lot of — RUM.
And Fisher too
He tells his crew
That rum will make them lither:
When with the Fleet
He drinks it neat
— And not a bad judge either!

"should visit frequently the hospital at unstated hours, to superintend the cleanliness and discipline of it in every particular, to examine the diet of the patients and observe whether they receive that unremitting care and attention their situation demands."

When Sergeant-Major Darley, of the Coldstream Guards was wounded and taken prisoner after performing prodigies of valour, the Duke sent a trumpeter to the French camp to say that the surgeon who attended him should be liberally rewarded, and also had a letter sent to Darley's wife commiserating with her on her husband's misfortune, congratulating her on his gallantry. Did the Duke of Wellington ever do anything like this? One fears that Mrs. Darley would have had to have been the Countess of Darley before she would have received any such letter from him.

He was careful also of the amenities of war. At the siege of Valenciennes he readily gave leave for a lady in the beleagured city "near the time of her delivery" to leave the town under a safe-conduct. And when the National Convention issued their infamous decree that no quarter should be given to British and Hanoverian troops, whom they pleasantly termed "the slaves of George the most atrocious of tyrants", the Duke responded with a general order addressed in sentiment almost as much to the French troops [1] as his own, of a very dignified nature, forming an admirable pronouncement, in spite of the somewhat stilted language of the period, on the decencies of warfare. No wonder that when he returned to Eng-

[1] The French soldiers paid no attention whatever to this ukase of the National Convention.

land in December, 1794, the men felt "they had lost a father and a friend who had endeared himself to them by his humanity, justice and benevolence."

The Duke who had been gazetted General in April, 1793, was in February, 1795, made Field-Marshal and Commander-in-Chief, and set about the gigantic task of reforming the British Army. One of his first reforms must have caused screams of angry rage in many a nursery, and consternation in many a schoolroom.[1] This was his innovation with regard to purchase. He laid down a rule that no person should take rank, or obtain a commission as a field officer, who had not actually served six years. He then set about military education. Hitherto ambitious lads had been sent, like the Duke himself, for their military education to Germany. But in May, 1802, thanks to the Commander-in-Chief, the Junior Department of the Royal Military College was instituted at Great Marlow,[2] being subsequently, in 1812, installed at Sandhurst. The Duke "attended the examinations in person, took notice of the most deserving and recommended them to His Majesty for commissions in the line." He also instituted confidential reports, a general monthly return of the troops, and formed "a deposit of military knowledge" which was the puny infant which gradually grew

[1] Sir Walter Scott wrote that not only were infants and schoolboys given commissions, but "in some instances they were bestowed upon young ladies, when pensions could not be had. We knew ourselves one fair dame who drew the pay of Captain in the —— Dragoons, and was probably not much less fit for the service than some who, at that period, actually did duty, for no knowledge of any kind was demanded from the young officers."

[2] It is a curious coincidence that West Point was founded in the same year.

up into the present lusty and well-developed Directorate of Military Operations and Intelligence. He even tackled the Commissariat. This which "from time immemorial had been an infinite source of fraud, underwent a purgation." And so did the military hospitals, for the proper conduct of which the Commander-in-Chief issued most detailed instructions. By his directions also those men of the 85th Regiment, who had never had smallpox, were inoculated by Doctor Jenner. Nor did he forget the women and children. He founded a lying-in hospital for the wives of men belonging to the Foot Guards, and an "Asylum for Educating One Thousand Children, the Legal Offspring of British Soldiers", which is familiar to all Englishmen as the Duke of York's School.

In 1799 the Duke's reforms at home had been interrupted by an excursion abroad which was not a success. This was the Helder Expedition which, though it was mysteriously spoken of in England while in preparation as "the Secret Expedition", was no secret to the French and Dutch Governments, who were perfectly cognizant of, and prepared for it. One should remember that although it was a failure and we had to evacuate the country, one of the objects aimed at, and an important object, the capture of the Dutch Fleet, was attained. The Russian troops who acted with us did not precisely cover themselves with glory. Indeed, the Emperor Paul, disgusted with their behaviour, disbanded certain regiments. And here the Duke gave a signal instance of his love of justice and fair play. He wrote a long letter to the Russian Ambassador, Count Woronzow, in which he said, "I think it my duty, and it gives me pleasure to do justice

FREDERICK, DUKE OF YORK AND ALBANY

Engraved by J. Jenkins from the painting by Thomas Phillips, R. A.

to several [Russian] regiments, who in different actions with the enemy have evinced as much order as bravery." It is rather curious that just about this time he himself was called upon to disband a British regiment which had succumbed to seditious propaganda in a country where it seems to be a natural growth of the soil.

It is probably not generally known that in 1803 it was proposed, by the Duke of Sussex, of all people, that a Military Council should be appointed: it is a coincidence that almost exactly one hundred years afterwards an Army Council (with, however, of course, very different functions) should have come into existence. The Duke of Sussex's proposal was thrown down on the ground that "such a Council, instead of assisting, would embarrass the Commander-in-Chief in the discharge of his professional duties." But something even more embarrassing befell the Duke in this year. The Prince of Wales wrote to his father, pointing out that he was anxious "to shed the last drop of my blood in support of Your Majesty's person, crown and dignity", and suggested that in order to do this in a befitting manner he should be promoted to the rank of General. The King replied, somewhat coldly, "should the implacable enemy so far succeed as to land, you will have an opportunity of showing your zeal at the head of your regiment."[1] Poor Prinney (as Mr. Mischievous Creevey calls him) regarded this suggestion as "a degrading mockery", and applied to his brother. A long correspondence followed, and the Duke's letters, refusing the request, are a model of firmness, tact and brotherly kindness.

[1] Tenth Light Dragoons.

But this was a trifle compared with the sea of trouble which overwhelmed the Commander-in-Chief in 1809. About 1803 the Duke had, in the language of the period, "formed a connexion" with a Mrs. Mary Anne Clarke. Mary Anne was no doubt a baggage, but, from her portrait, a most attractive little baggage, and (unlike a contemporary and equally beautiful and baggagy baggage, Emma) a very clever and entertaining baggage. In 1807 the Duke and she parted, and she passed to the protection of a Colonel Wardle, M.P. (of the Militia), upon which the allowance paid her by the Duke terminated. Mary Anne was annoyed, and the upshot was that Colonel Wardle [1] brought a charge in the House of Commons against the Duke, of corruption in his administration, and of having shared with the lady the profits on the sale of military commissions and promotions. This led to an inquiry before a Committee of the whole House, which lasted for nearly two months. "The idlers at White's and the frequenters of the opera — whom at other times it had been found difficult to drag from the claret bottle or the Ballet to vote even upon the most important questions — were now unfailing in their Parliamentary attendance." "Sad work," wrote in his diary Wilberforce, who was terribly shocked, probably as much so as on the historic occasion when Mr. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, found adhesive to a Westminster pavement, having partaken of one, or possibly two, and questioned by the watch as to his name, thickly hiccuped "W-w-w-wilberforce!" But alas and alas! as the inquiry proceeded, it pains one to read "even

[1] Who, gossip said, hoped, should the Duke be succeeded as Commander-in-Chief by Some One Else, to be made Secretary at War.

the rigid Wilberforce seems fascinated by her attractions."[1] One cannot but admire the way in which Mary Anne stood up to, and scored off, her cross-examiners. "Under whose protection, Madame," thundered a pompous Parliamentary Personage, "are you now?" "I had thought, Sir," cooed Mary Anne, turning to the Chairman, "that I was under *yours*." The quidnuncs and the populace were, of course, delighted with the whole proceedings. Idlers in the gin shops engaged in the Arcadian pastime of pitch and toss, would cry to one another not "Heads or Tails", but "Duke or Darling."[2] Brother George was, or pretended to be, vastly disgusted, by Gad! but for the oddest of reasons — "he thought his own taste in regard to women was better than the Duke's." The upshot was that, by a large majority, the Duke was acquitted of the abuses with which he had been charged, and, in the words of Mr. Fortescue, "no one can read the evidence without concluding that this was a just verdict." The same day the Duke resigned his appointment as Commander-in-Chief.

It is most gratifying to be able to add that Colonel Wardle quarrelled with Mary Anne over a little matter of a furniture bill, brought an action against her and the tradesman who had supplied it for conspiracy, and lost it. In Mary Anne's book, "The Rival Princes," in the compilation of which, from its style, she might have had the help of the gentleman who later became editor of the

[1] If you study his portrait in the National Portrait Gallery, you will note in his eye the suggestion of the faintest flicker of a twinkle which quite explains this change in his attitude.

[2] Doctor Williamson, author of "Curious Survivals" (1923), states that this is still to be heard in London.

Eatanswill Gazette, there is some delightfully plain speaking about the Colonel. He is a PUBLIC IMPOSTOR, a black sheep, a Jesuit and a Mushroom Patriot. She herself is "an indiscreet mother", the Duke of York is "a gentleman and a Prince adorned by many excellent qualities." Croker — Ally Croker she calls him — whose cross-examination she had resented, is "a ludicrous Irishman with a brogue which makes him scarcely intelligible to his countrymen." Colonel Wardle, after threatening actions against various papers "for loss of his popularity", sank into obscurity,[1] but his name will live for ever in the genial old gentleman for whom Dickens annexed it.

Mary Anne's fate was happier than Emma's. Following nine months' retirement from the world for libelling the Right Hon. W. Fitzgerald, she devoted herself to the education of her daughters, "who all married well." After Waterloo she settled in Paris and had a kind of *salon*, frequented, according to Gronow, by the Marquess of Londonderry, and also, I like to think, by Mrs. Rawdon Crawley, for Becky and she had much in common; perhaps also she and Mme. Grassini may have swapped quaint and diverting anecdotes about the Duke of York and "*le cher Villainton*", as Mme. Grassini[2] calls an

[1] You can occasionally see his portrait in the second-hand print shops: he has — I am sure the Duke must have said so — "a demned raffish and unpleasant countenance."

[2] In 1814–1815 when the Congress was sitting (when it was not dancing) at Vienna the Secret Police noted with interest that Lord Wellington on arriving had this lady with him in his carriage — a very pleasant kind of baggage. Or perhaps he brought her for political reasons as she had been on very good terms — the best — with Napoleon and most of the crowned heads of the day. She was in fact a kind of

English admirer of hers. Mary Anne died at Boulogne in 1852, aged seventy-six.

The Duke of York retired to Oatlands (where we may be sure his most amiable Duchess gave him the kindest of welcomes) and the diversions of the countryside, which included pretty frequent visits to Newmarket. Mr. Greville, the diarist, managed his racing stable for him, but he had, like his brother George, no great success on the turf. He was succeeded as Commander-in-Chief by Sir David Dundas, but directly the Prince of Wales became Prince Regent he reinstated his brother in the office in which he had done such sterling work for the Army. There was a debate in the House on the event, and several Members who had opposed the Duke a few years before now voted in his favour, expressing their regrets at having been previously carried away by popular prejudice. One of the first things the Duke did on being reappointed Commander-in-Chief was, when the news of the battle of Barosa reached England, to write to Major-General Dilkes congratulating him "on the distinguished conduct of my gallant old friends the Guards under your command"; he describes himself as "a brother Guardsman, a title of which I shall ever be most proud." The Duke continued with unceasing zeal his office work, and provided Wellington with the troops which were to bring peace at long last to Europe. That keen observer, General Foy, said of the Duke of York, "*il a préparé aux soldats les moyens de vaincre.*" Historians who, with one canting eye fixed upon the dear old Nonconformist Con-

international — well, let us say *chère amie.* She was very beautiful, a famous singer, a good actress and of an amiable, rollicking nature.

science (the curse of England),[1] cast the other Pecksniffian optic, as the old slang has it, towards heaven with oily indignation over the Clarke case, should, in decency, quote the unanimous vote of the House of Commons after Waterloo, "that the thanks of this House be given to his Royal Highness the Duke of York, Commander-in-Chief of the British forces, for his continual, effectual and unremitting attention to the duties of his office for a period of more than twenty years, during which time the Army has improved in discipline and in science to an extent unknown before, and, under Providence, risen to the height of military glory."

The remaining years of the Duke's life do not call for much comment. On the death of Queen Charlotte the guardianship of the King's person devolved upon him and, in the words of Sir Walter Scott, "no pleasure, no business was ever known to interrupt his regular visits to Windsor, where his unhappy parent could neither be grateful for, nor even sensible of, his unremitted attention." In June, 1819, on a Most Auspicious Occasion, in response to the mild command "Name this child" (or should one say, Princess, or Royal infant?) the Duke replied, after a slight altercation between the Regent and the Duke of Kent as to the respective claims of Georgina and Elizabeth, "Alexandrina Victoria." In 1820 the Duchess of York died and, in accordance with her wishes, was buried in the parish church of Weybridge, rather a humble resting place for a Princess Royal of the Prussia

[1] How much pleasanter is the curse of Scotland, the Nine of Diamonds, though surely the Joker would be more appropriate!

of Frederick the Great. She had continued to the end kind, sensible, charitable both in deed and thought, and amiable. Her dogs, and her birds also, must have missed her sadly, for Oatlands was what is now called a Bird Sanctuary. Which fact inspired Lord Erskine to some occasional verse beginning:

> At Oatlands where the buoyant air
> Vast crowds of rooks can scarcely bear,

a mark that even Mr. Winkle could not have missed. But the Duchess strictly forbade at Oatlands what the poet in question called "the fowler's dreaded sound." Let us hope that the descendants of the Oatlands rooks still caw gratefully over the quiet country church where this most kind-hearted woman lies buried.

It is interesting to note that in this year the Duke of York and the Duke of Wellington toured the east coast "on a shooting expedition." Rather strange companions, for York was not overfond of Wellington. Greville, noting in his diary the opinion of the former of the latter writes, "he does not deny his military talents, but he thinks that he is false and ungrateful, that he never gave sufficient credit to his officers, and that he was unwilling to put forward men of talent who might be in a situation to claim some share of credit, the whole of which he was desirous of engrossing himself."

The Duke of York was all for the Church of England as by Law Established, and in 1825, with the courage which was natural to him, spoke so vehemently and with such genuine feeling against the Roman Catholic

Relief Bill which had passed the third reading in the House of Commons, that the Lords threw it out.[1] He may have been right; he was probably wrong; but he maintained what he thought was right in face of torrents of abuse from the opposition.

He had suffered some years from dropsy, and, in 1826, was taken seriously ill, and died in January, 1827, in the house of his old friend, the Duke of Rutland, in Arlington Street. The last act of his official life was a measure for the relief of old Lieutenants prevented by *res angusta* from obtaining promotion by purchase. Mr. Peel, speaking in the House of Commons, said: "I can never forget the last words which I heard from the Royal Prince only nine days before his death. When he received the news of a part of our troops having landed at Lisbon,[2] he exclaimed in a faint but triumphant voice, 'I wish that the country could compare the state of the brigade which has landed at Lisbon in 1827 with the state of the brigade which landed at Ostend in 1794!'"

"In the failings of the Duke of York," says a writer in the *Annual Register* for 1827, "there was nothing that was un-English, nothing that was unprincely." He was, in fact, a Royal John Bull, with all John Bull's little weaknesses for wine, women, song, whimsical and indelicate anecdotes, cards and racing. But on the other hand, he had all John Bull's joviality, kindness and good nature. He compares very favourably with his Royal

[1] It was on this occasion that the Duke said, so the story goes, to a crony of his, "It's all right, I've seen the Archbishop and he says that he will see them all damned to Hell before he'll let the Bill pass."

[2] A *casus fœderis* having arisen, British troops had been sent to Portugal to support Isabel, the Princess Regent, against Dom Miguel.

brothers. When the *Greville Journals* were first published, "we were not amused," indeed we were distinctly annoyed.[1] One of the passages which probably much annoyed us is the Gruncher's statement: "He [the Duke of York] is the only one of the Princes who has the feelings of an English gentleman." Greville goes on, "He delights in the society of men of the world and in a life of gaiety and pleasure. He is very easily amused and particularly with jokes full of coarseness and indelicacy; the men with whom he lives most are *très-polissons*, and *la polissonnerie* is the *ton* of his society." This is rather in the manner of a "damned good-natured friend", but it is not an exact description of John Bull as he always was, and as, one hopes, he always will be? Thackeray, who has no good word to say of George IV, says of the Duke that he was "big, burly, loud, jolly, cursing, courageous", all of which apply equally well to John Bull. In appearance he was, according to Sir Walter, "large" — Gronow says over six feet — "stout and manly." It will be remembered that Miss Lucretia Tox detected in him a resemblance to Mr. Dombey: this was the partiality of a loving heart, for the only resemblance between the genial Duke and the proud and pompous merchant was that both were "fine figures of men." A pleasant light is thrown on his character in a letter of the 6th of June, 1815, from his niece, Princess Charlotte, whose death, due to the blundering incompetence of a Doctor Parker Peps, led, as so admirably described in Mr. Lytton Strachey's lively pages, to several hasty

[1] Prince Leopold, Queen Victoria's youngest son, was so angry with Mr. Greville's book that he threw it into his bath (Earl of Warwick's "Memories").

Royal marriages. "Dearest Frederick," she writes, "you are always so very kind to me that I do not feel the least scruple in asking you a favour," the said favour being the loan of his box at Covent Garden for two friends. She ends, "You have all my best wishes for Ascot; do not fail to let me know if you win, dearest Frederick."

He had the memory for faces characteristic of his house. Sir James McGrigor was presented to him at Bergen-op-Zoom, and had some conversation with him which the Duke recalled at one of his levees at the Horse Guards twenty years later to the celebrated Army doctor. He could not tolerate injustice or what he thought was injustice. When Seringapatam was taken, Lord Harris, then General Harris, superseded Baird ("öor David") in command of the place by Colonel Wellesley (as he then was), brother of the Governor-General. Elers tells us in his "Memories", "some two years afterwards, upon General Harris' return home and on attending the Duke of York at one of his levees, Harris, who was not very quick in a difficulty, was asked quickly and suddenly by the Duke, 'Pray, General Harris, what reason had you for superseding General Baird in command of Seringapatam and giving it to a junior officer'? [1] Poor Harris stammered and was at a loss for a reply, and the Duke turned his back upon him."

It is curious that the best contemporary appreciation of him should have been written by a foreigner, General Foy. In the first volume of his "Histoire de la Guerre

[1] The real reason was Baird's want of tact and bad temper: three years in a dungeon at Seringapatam had soured him — and no wonder.

de la Péninsule", written about 1818, he says that his appointment as Commander-in-Chief opened a new era for the army. He sees the advantages attaching to a Royal Commander-in-Chief:

"*Il a pu attaquer quelques abus invétérés. Les ministres auraient-ils rejeté une proposition utile, quand elle était présentée par le fils chéri du roi d'Angleterre, par le prince qui, après la reine, était le premier dans le cabinet derrière le trône? Le duc d'York est né avec un esprit plus juste qu'étendu. Le goût de ses functions et le sentiment de son devoir ont vaincu son penchant naturel à la dissipation. Voyant beaucoup par luimême, quoiqu'il ait l'assistance de collaborateurs habiles, et connaissant personnellement tous les chefs et un grand nombre d'officiers, il a conduit et administré l'armée comme un bon colonel mène la famille de guerriers dont il attend sa réputation.*" This is praise from Sir Hubert Stanley.

After Foy let us quote a Sergeant, the anonymous author of "The Eventful Life of a Soldier" (1827). He recalls how, when he enlisted, the soldier was "one of the veriest slaves existing, his hair soaped, floured and frizzed, with his *mousquet* to burnish, his white breeches to pipe-clay, so that it took three or four hours' hard work to get ready for parade, where, if a single hair stood out of its place, extra drill would be given him by his superiors, who seemed to look upon him as a brute with neither soul nor feeling. Thanks to H.R.H., the Commander-in-Chief, little is now left the soldier to complain of. Every individual in the Service is attached to the Duke of York and looks up to him in the light of a father

and a friend. The Duke of Wellington will not be to the Army what the Duke of York has been."

His pleasant courtesy and affability at his levees (held every Tuesday) must have made officers of the period feel that the Army was just a large family with a benevolent head whom any one could approach. It will be remembered that on one of these occasions the Duke was pleased to remark of a mere Major in a marching regiment, known to his brother officers as "the Flower of Ours", that "there is no adulation about Joey", and Joey was never tired of quoting him. There were probably many Joeys in the Army who had a very real affection for the Commander-in-Chief. For example, General Dyott, whose Diary is full of references to the gracious manner and tact of the Duke. He writes on the occasion of his death, "his loss was greatly lamented and most sincerely regretted by the Army. I believe a more kind-hearted or more benevolent man did not exist." He echoes the words of the Sergeant quoted above, "the Duke of Wellington, although so great a captain and having so frequently led the British troops to victory, is not a general favourite, and he must make great exertions to obtain the popularity possessed by his Royal predecessor." He would have been still less a favourite with the Army had officers and men known that when Sir H. Torrens submitted to him on his appointment as Commander-in-Chief a general order in praise of the Duke of York, Wellington turned it down with the remark, "I dislike to come before the Army and the world with this parade."[1] Which seems churlish.

[1] What a contrast is furnished by Lord Wolseley who, when he suc-

The Duke of York with his industry at office work, his zeal for reform, his jollity, his genial graciousness, his fatherly interest in the welfare of the rank and file and their families, is indeed an admirable example (the best in history) of the influence for the Army's good, of a Royal Commander-in-Chief. Geniality is not, indeed cannot be, characteristic of a Board. But, of course, on the other hand, a Board cannot, at all events in its corporate capacity, get itself involved in entanglements with baggages.

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ceeded the Duke of Cambridge as Commander-in-Chief, wrote: "In this his first Army Order, Lord Wolseley wishes, in the name of the Army, to assure H.R.H. of the affectionate regard of all who have served under him during his long period of office."

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF THE CRIMEAN WAR, AND ITS HEROES

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF THE CRIMEAN WAR, AND ITS HEROES

SINCE the historic occasion when the desiccated ear of Master Mariner Jenkins was exhibited to an astonished House of Commons, Great Britain has probably never embarked upon a war which it is so hard to justify, and which has left so small a trace on the course of history as the Crimean War. What is remembered of it now? Some well-won Battle Honours, the Memorial in Waterloo Place, Tennyson's poem, the "Charge of the Light Brigade"; the devotion of Miss Nightingale;[1] and Longfellow's verses on "The Lady with the Lamp."

To the man in the street it means nothing. There is a square in St. John's Wood called Alma Square, and its inhabitants probably think that Alma was the name of the daughter or wife or female friend of the man who built it. In Bowery Bayswater there is a hostelry called "The Redan." On three separate occasions in the interests of military history I have guided my reluctant and faltering steps into its Saloon Bar, and have, "after compliments," asked three casual strangers the meaning of the name. To two it was beyond all conjecture; indeed, one added, with an unpleasant asseveration, that he didn't

[1] Who, it may not be generally known, had a sense of humour. She advised a worthy officer, who complained that the smells of Constantinople had given him delirum tremens, to stay at the hospital at Scutari, where, she assured him, "neither she nor any of the lady nurses had ever had it."

care. The barmaid (bless her!) said that it was a funny sort of chair. The third man thought it was a corruption of an odd Victorian word "randan", which it appears means what some Englishmen call "binge", others "beano", and the "Oxford English Dictionary" "jollification."

The causes of the war, though involved, are not particularly obscure. The Czar Nicholas originally made his historic remark that Turkey was a "sick man" to Metternich, who promptly replied, "Are you speaking as physician or as heir?" Nicholas pondered these words for many years, and when, in 1853, he repeated his *mot* to Sir H. Seymour, British Ambassador at St. Petersburg, he added that England might take Egypt and he, himself, while he would not dream of occupying Constantinople, would merely establish himself there *en simple dépositaire.*

Lord Stratford de Redcliffe had a great deal to do with bringing about the war. This remarkable man disliked the Czar because the latter had been rude to him. The British Ambassador at Constantinople was, indeed, apt to stand upon his dignity. The representative of Napoleon III at the Porte, Gen. Baraguay d'Hilliers, used to pat Lord Stratford on the back and call him *mon vieux.* Wires were pulled and he was recalled to Paris. But Lord Stratford was excessively loyal. When he overheard a naval officer say to a young middy, Prince Leiningen, Queen Victoria's nephew, "Come, come, Prince, you must have that deck better swabbed," he remarked coldly, "the words 'Prince' and 'swabbed' do not seem to go well together," and begged to have the honour of

being presented. And when the Duke of Cambridge, Queen Victoria's cousin, stayed at the Embassy, he personally arranged the Royal trunks and whatnots in the Royal bedroom. And, pray, why not?

> A clod, a piece of orange-peel,
> The end of a cigar
> Once trod on by a princely heel:
> How beautiful they are!

In 1853 the potentates of Europe were not particularly at their ease. Napoleon III hated Nicholas because the Czar called him *cher ami* instead of *bon frère*, which was, as Queen Victoria said, "very *kleinlich* and inconsistent." He liked England, and remembered her hospitality when he was an exile in St. James' Street. Miss Howard, too, was English.[1] De Morny favoured a Russian alliance (probably for Bourse reasons), but Eugénie did not. Lord Aberdeen liked the Czar. The Sultan, "a remarkably mean-looking man," hated everybody, no doubt including his wives. Heaven, or rather Allah, knows what he thought of the Garter when it was bestowed upon him. Perhaps as a substitute for the bowstring . . ? Mr. Gladstone, who was always most reluctant to fight, did not want war, but Palmerston did, and he generally got what he wanted. Lastly, a Mr. Kennedy, who had been for four years in the Czar's service (Russia has always attracted Scotsmen) mounted a rostrum at Glasgow and asserted that "no man was

[1] She was very beautiful and the daughter of a riding master. Like all beautiful daughters of riding masters she was "very fond of jewels." Napoleon made his *chaine anglaise*, as she was called, Comtesse de Beauregard.

more affectionate both as a husband, a father and a friend", than his late master. He was hissed off the platform.

Still, efforts were made to preserve peace, and the diplomats collected at Vienna, and drew up what was modestly called a Note so delightfully vague that nobody could understand it except the Czar, who said that it gave him just exactly what he wanted. The Russian Navy destroyed the Turkish Fleet off Sinope — "A Life on the Ocean Wave" was never a Turkish Delight — and Lord Stratford exclaimed, "Thank God, that's war." But everybody put the blame on the Holy Places, and so it seemed that England and France were entering upon a new Crusade. Which was awkward, as Russia also regarded the war as a Crusade on her part.

It is hard to say who should have the credit, or the blame, for the idea of invading the Crimea. It came to Prince Albert's ears and he, who was always so helpful in writing long memoranda to the Cabinet, wisely pointed out, "The first difficulty is the absence of all information as to the Crimea itself." But he suggested "roving expeditions which should carry off some of the inhabitants who should be subjected to cross-examination." No doubt owing to his Lutheran bringing up he did not suggest that they should be put to what used to be known in non-Lutheran countries as the *Question*, and is now known in the United States as the Third Degree. It was an admirable but impractical suggestion.

The British and French Governments ordered their fleets to occupy the Black Sea, and Captain Drummond of the *Retribution* was instructed to put into Sebastopol

and to hand a sealed packet to the Russian Admiral Nakimov. Here General Baraguay d'Hilliers had a very happy thought. He ordered a French naval officer to sail with the *Retribution* and surreptitiously to survey the Crimean Coast. To avoid suspicion — whose, it is not quite clear — he was instructed to disguise himself as a simple English A.B., but was told he might have all his meals with Captain Drummond. And one cannot help thinking that Captain Drummond when he heard of this arrangement, probably exclaimed, like a better-known British naval officer in a somewhat similar predicament, "Why, damme, it's too bad."

The preparations for the war were indeed of an extraordinary nature. Trochu — plans were always his *tic* — submitted to Napoleon III a carefully worked out scheme of mobilization, which the Emperor endorsed "Excellent, that is just what we should do" — and did nothing. The Empress, however, consulted the Great Napoleon by means of a planchette, and, no doubt, got the usual reply from the World of Spirits, "We are all Very Happy," which is good, if unexpected, news, but not very helpful. Somebody remembered that Raffet had published two sketches of Sebastopol and Balaclava, and these were sent for posthaste, and much admired at the Tuileries. It was, however, recognized that as a plan of campaign they did not go into sufficient detail. So Marshal Vaillant was called in and Sir John Burgoyne went to Paris to consult with the Marshal. Unfortunately, both were engineers. "Nothing is sacred to a sapper," except, in this particular case, his reverence for good, old-fashioned, Vaubanesque Siege Warfare, and one cannot help

thinking that this was to have a direful effect on the course of the war. But the Allies had one bit of luck. General Canrobert, marked out for High Command, happened one night to meet at the *Café Anglais* a white-whiskered, shrivelled-up, old gentleman, who, in spite of his mummified appearance, proved to be the great strategist, the rival of Clausewitz, Jomini. He was naturally consulted. With the cold, calm assurance of old age he remarked, "The Russian Army is a wall which, however far it may retreat, you will always find in front of you. You will be beaten. Good evening."

St. Arnaud was to command the French Army, Omer Pasha the Turks (or Bono Johnnies, as our men used to call them), and Lord Raglan the British. St. Arnaud was a soldier of fortune, and had had a variegated career. He had met Byron in Greece, had greatly distinguished himself at Constantine, and was very popular in Court circles in Paris, where he had been particularly successful in siege operations on the Carte du Tendre. Canrobert, who succeeded to the command on the death of St. Arnaud, was a delightful creature, kind-hearted, just and loyal. Like Sir Roger de Coverley he always thought that much was to be said on both sides, but he could never make up his mind which side had most to be said for it. The career of Omer Pasha had been as romantic as that of St. Arnaud. Born a Christian, and, originally, in the Austrian Army, he became a Mussulman, and was appointed tutor to the Turkish prince who became the Sultan Abdul Mejid of the Crimean War period. He had fought against Ibrahim in Syria and knew more of the Russian Army than any of the French and British Generals.

MARSHAL DE ST. ARNAUD,
GENERAL-IN-CHIEF OF THE FRENCH ARMY

Lord Raglan was first and foremost what England is always able to produce in an emergency, an English gentleman. The Fitzroy Somerset of the Peninsular War, he had lost an arm at Wellington's side at Waterloo. A *grand seigneur* of the old school, he was the very pink of courtesy and politeness. St. Arnaud said of him that he was "*d'une bravoure antique*", and great as one's admiration for his character is, one must confess that everything about him was rather antiquated, for, since 1815, he had rarely been absent from the Horse Guards. So imbued was he with Peninsular traditions that in the Crimea he could not rid himself of the old habit of referring to the enemy as the French. Indeed, they (the French) rather got on his nerves. He disliked their endless trumpet calls. "There they go," he remarked to Lord George Paget, "with their infernal too-too-tooing: that's the only thing they ever do." Yet all the French Generals had the greatest respect and, indeed, affection for him, though the amiable Canrobert rather jibbed at being called "Kant-Robert." The rough and tough Pélissier, when Lord Raglan died, cried like a child.

One of the numerous charges brought by a malevolent press against Lord Raglan was that he never consulted his Generals. As a Crimean officer observed, "I am sure I do not wonder at it." Sir George Brown, England, Cathcart, De Lacy Evans, Colin Campbell, John Burgoyne were all Peninsular veterans. The sole exception was the youthful Duke of Cambridge, or "George" as he was known in the Army. Probably Colin Campbell had learnt more from his service than any of the others.

Their united ages came to something terrific. The two cavalry leaders, Lord Lucan and Lord Cardigan,[1] were brothers-in-law, and heartily disliked each other. *Arcades ambo* they were more familiar with such idyllic scenes as the turf and the "sweet, shady side of Pall Mall" rather than campaigning. More or less distinguished civilians present from time to time with the Army were Kinglake, the author of "Eöthen", and, later, the historian, Layard, and Russell. Kinglake afforded considerable amusement to Headquarters on the morning of the Alma by taking a toss. Layard knew more about Nineveh than he did about soldiering: he appears, by the questions he asked when the Roebuck Committee was sitting, to have entertained the strange delusion that siege guns formed part of the R.H.A. Russell gave away so much information in the columns of the *Times* that Gortchakov said he was the best spy the Russian Secret Service possessed. On the other hand, it was largely due to him that the British forces did not all end in the cemeteries. Though they played no great part in the war, mention must be made of the Bashi-Bazouks, or Lord Stratford de Redcliffe's Own — at all events his especial care. They had solved the supply problem in a very simple way: they took what they wanted without paying for it. They were first commanded by General Beatson, who had no great control over them; and, later, by a General Smith, pleasantly known from his melancholy appearance as "the man who killed his mother." Another officer in this Corps

[1] It has been pointed out that there is a resemblance between Lord Cardigan and Meredith's Lord Ormont and a greater resemblance between Aminta and Miss de Horsey who became Lady Cardigan, and not before she should have, so gossip said.

was a cavalry Major, who, having applied, when at the Cape, for two months' leave of absence to go big game shooting, did not return for seven years, to find that he had been gazetted out. Wherever he went his sole equipment was a comb, a toothbrush and a cheque book. Most of the other officers were elderly Anglo-Indians, all well aware of the fact that the liver is an important organ in the human system. The uniform, according to an officer who wore it, "looked peculiar." But surely not so peculiar as the troopers of this Most Irregular Cavalry when on parade; then it was "difficult to see the squadrons for tobacco smoke." Now and again the men would "discharge a pistol, thinking to enliven the scene." Whyte Melville (who now reads him?) was attached to the Bashi-Bazouks.

The British Fleet was to play an important part in the war, but not quite so important as was at first hoped. It had been noticed in London that according to the maps the Crimea was a peninsula, and, consequently, according to the strict rules of geography, was joined on to Russia by an isthmus. What could be simpler for the British Navy than to cut off the Crimea from the mainland, by commanding this isthmus with its guns? Nothing, save for the unfortunate fact, subsequently discovered, that the depth of the sea for several miles on both sides of the isthmus was often not more than two or three feet. And at this date the British Fleet did not include vessels like the ship which was, in later years, commanded with such pride by Lieutenant Belaye, R.N.:

> Oh my ship, my ship is the first of the hundred and twenty-ones,
> Which meant her tonnage, but people imagined it meant her guns.

As Lord Raglan was of the Wellington School, so was Admiral Lyons of that of Nelson, to whom he bore a remarkable resemblance: a resemblance capable, according to M. Bapst in his "Life of Marshal Canrobert"[1] of a simple explanation.

Admiral Dundas was a bit of a politician and also of a somewhat pious nature. He had a number of cows on board his ship for the benefit of his wife and her maids.

On June 29, 1854, the Cabinet sent the famous dispatch — the reading of the draft of which had put the whole lot of them to sleep — which authorized Lord Raglan to invade the Crimea. It ended by impressing upon him "the importance of selecting favourable weather", which, indeed, might occur to most Generals other than those conscious of possessing the meteorological powers of a Joshua. The die was now cast, and Mr. Gladstone explained, in true Gladstonese, that "we are not fighting for the Turks, but against the Russians." He added the remarkable words: "I for one could never shoulder the musket against the Christian subjects of the Sultan." Why is one reminded of Mr. Pecksniff?

The British and French transports sailed and the troops were landed without the slightest opposition. The "Battle of the Alma Heights" was fought and won, and a French historian says of it, that such was the lack of coöperation between the Allies, that it was really "two distinct actions fought side by side." A Russian officer who was present says that on the Russian side "No orders were given: every man did what he thought best."

[1] One of the most charming and entertaining military biographies ever written. There is no English military life quite like it.

LORD RAGLAN, GENERAL PELISSIER
AND OMAR PASHA

Whether Sebastopol would have fallen immediately had the Allies "rushed" it forthwith from the north, remains a matter of opinion. Todleben, the Russian engineer, who defended it, thought so, and so did Kinglake. Hamley thought not. Lord Wolseley said that we simply played into the Russians' hands.[1]

However, at the time and on the spot, Sir John Burgoyne was all for a formal siege, and the famous flank march took place, and Sebastopol was invested from the south. A few days later St. Arnaud was carried off by cholera. He was succeeded by General Canrobert, who, found by Sir George Brown in a marshy bivouac on the outskirts of Balaclava, was pleasantly compared by him to "*cet animal batracien*" — a frog. How insular! Or, rather, how Peninsular!

Then came Balaclava. Captain Nolan conveyed the order and made the gesture which led to the charge of the Light Brigade,[2] and Bosquet, turning to Layard, made the historic remark, the exact words of which, according to Canrobert, were "*C'est superbe, mais ce n'est pas la guerre. C'est de la folie.*" Inkerman was fought in a fog, and was a "very near run thing." Marshal Canrobert in his old age used to relate how Lord Raglan turned to him and said, "*Nous sommes . . nous sommes*

[1] His words were that we waited "to knock down works that did not exist upon our first arrival, and which were actually built during the time that we squandered in landing guns." He adds "our poor Army was ordered about by a number of politicians, so called a Cabinet, who were about the most incompetent set of fellows who ever ruled over any country in difficult times."

[2] A French officer, Colonel La Tour-du-Pin, took part in it. The valley over which our Light Cavalry charged is in spring "carpeted with dwarf-roses, mignonette, larkspur and forget-me-nots."

. . *vous avez un mot d'argot qui exprime bien ce que je veux dire — nous sommes —.*" Fortunately, not so. Never had the "*flegme britannique*" been more evident.

The Allies now settled down to siege warfare. English writers have said much about the appalling sufferings of our troops in the Crimea. The French troops suffered almost as much, but it was not allowed to appear in the French press. It is a poor consolation, but the Russian Army was in even a worse plight. Russia has always been, even in her revolutions, over a hundred years behind the times; and, in 1854, the Russian Army was, so far as internal administration went, not unlike the British Army of the mid-eighteenth century. The regiment belonged to the Colonel, not the Colonel to the regiment, and he made what he could out of the men's clothing, equipment, food, drink and transport. Peculation was rampant. During the siege of Sebastopol the defenders found a large quantity of powder in one of the bastions to consist of dyed millet seed; and the infantry discovered, not unfrequently, that their cartridges were charged with sand. As for their medical service, after the Alma many of the wounded lay in agony for a fortnight without having their wounds dressed.

It is difficult to say if the French or English commanders suffered more from the authorities at home. Paris, perhaps, was more anxious about the war than London, for a failure meant, in Paris, the overthrow of a dynasty; in London, merely a change of government, which is, so often, if not for the better, certainly not for the worse. Indeed, so uneasy did Napoleon become, that he was anxious to go to the Crimea himself. The Eng-

lish government was strongly opposed to this, and the drawbacks of his proposal were pointed out to him when in April, 1855, he visited Windsor, where he completely won the hearts of *Madame et bonne sœur* and her consort by reciting Schiller, singing old German folk-songs and, above all, by playing with the children. But, though he decided not to go to the front, when the cable between France and the Crimea was completed, he began bombarding Canrobert to such an extent with instructions that the latter resigned, and Pélissier took his place, while he took Pélissier's in command of a Corps.

Pélissier was a very different man from his predecessor. His motto should have been "*Je m'en fiche.*" For example, it must have required considerable moral courage to say, as he did, to General Niel, "You are not here to stuff your opinions [really the opinions of the Emperor] down my throat, but to take my orders." Although a writer of light verse and a ladies' man, he had made no bones, when in Algeria, of smoking out, or rather suffocating, some five hundred Arabs, in a cave, who had refused to surrender. His men feared him, but they had absolute confidence in him. Though perfectly respectful, he was somewhat curt with Napoleon. He cabled to the Emperor, "It is impossible to discuss strategy by telegraph." The Emperor replied, "I do not discuss. I give orders." Pélissier's reply was effective, he took no notice of the orders. He was even shorter with General Vaillant, the Minister for War. Vaillant ended a long strategical lecture with the words: "What does the Commander-in-Chief say?" Pélissier answered, probably quite truly, "The Commander-in-Chief says

that he is bored."[1] Finally, Napoleon wrote a dispatch which can only be described in military language as a "snorter." Here Vaillant did a very sensible thing. He instructed the Postmaster at Marseilles to hold the dispatch up, and finally persuaded Napoleon to recall it. Probably a Minister has rarely done a General greater service.

In spite of the telegram, "Take care of Dowb"[2] and the urgent inquiry as to Captain Jarvis' health, the English Generals were not so worried, on the whole, by Ministers as the French; and many of the ministerial instructions were for the benefit of the rank and file. Many unkind things have been said of the Duke of Newcastle, but it should be remembered that in one of his numerous dispatches after a sympathetic allusion to the tightness of "Cardigan's cherry pants", he urged Lord Raglan to abolish the stock and the razor, which was duly done. What carping critic, too, can find fault with the following: "Mr. Filder should ascertain what porter the Guards are accustomed to drink, and Mr. Grant should be requested to get that particular kind of porter."

The Duke of Newcastle was succeeded in February, 1855, by Lord Panmure as Secretary of State for War. Lord Panmure had his own troubles at home. There was the villainous *Times* (which one famous London club

[1] Just as Ma Pettengill's friend Pete replied to the agent who asked what message he should take back to the Great White Father in Washington, "You can tell the Great White Father to go to hell."

[2] A nephew of Lord Panmure. The real message was "I recommend Dowbiggin to your notice should you have a vacancy, and if he is fit." But a War Office clerk, with a laudable zeal for economy, cut it down to the cryptic order given above.

FIELD MARSHAL LORD RAGLAN, K.C.B.

refused to take in, and possibly burnt), and Lord Lucan, who had returned home, was constantly making demonstrations in the Lords and demanding a court martial. In order to find out the state of affairs in the Crimea, Lord Panmure sent out General Simpson, nominally, as Chief of the Staff, but also to report to him on things in general, and the Chief of the Staff duly reported "we are in a regular fix." General Simpson, possibly to remedy this, issued an order: "Sheepskins, buffalo robes, fur caps, long boots and red comforters tend to license in dress and appearance." It does not appear to have occurred to this most amiable of martinets that they also tended to warmth. He also bitterly condemned "the low and grovelling correspondents of *The Times*."

Many of Lord Panmure's suggestions to Lord Raglan were counsels of perfection, but it is interesting to read that in May, 1855, he put forward the idea of reconnaissance from a captive balloon. He also anticipated later events by proposing to the Queen "another regiment of Guards to be called the Irish Fusilier Guards", and by suggesting that Lord Dundonald's "Secret Invention" (a distant cousin of poison gas [1]) should be given a trial.

Lord Raglan died on June 28, deeply regretted by French and English alike. His kindness in buying, at Christmas, comforts for the sick and wounded of both armies had won him amongst the French soldiers the nickname "*le bon vieux Père Crees Mass*." He was succeeded by General Simpson, who, in his first letter home

[1] Dundonald had offered this to the French for their expedition against Algiers, in 1830.

to the Secretary of State, remarked that the weather was cool, the Allies embarrassing, and he, himself, threatened with the gout "in spite of all the care I take." The poor General felt unequal to his task, and no wonder, since it included, so he says, correspondence which occupied him from 4 a.m. to 6 p.m. Amongst this correspondence was the celebrated telegraphic message which the General was awakened at midnight to hear: "Lord Panmure to General Simpson. Captain Jarvis has been bitten by a centipede. How is he now?" If the Russians had intercepted this, they would surely have taken it for a particularly dark and secret code. What made it really worse was that the Captain hadn't been bitten at all, but was merely suffering from an alliterative boil. Queen Victoria, who had observed "the very desponding tone of General Simpson's letters", wisely and kindly suggested that he should have civil assistance, for she had noticed that the fatigue of writing was just what General Simpson never could bear; and Lord Panmure urged the General to "call in scribes to his aid, and shake off the black dog." However, this much-overworked general officer found time to annoy a Mrs. Duberley by his "unpopular and unnecessary policy of placing sentries everywhere." She complains bitterly that "she had the greatest difficulty in 'dodging' them."

One cannot help liking the General for his engaging simplicity, but he was no true Scotsman, for, in thanking Lord Panmure for his promotion to General he actually said: (O Caledonia! Caledonia O!), "I have now more pay than I care about or deserve." When that "odious" Sebastopol — the adjective is Queen Victoria's — fell, on

September 8, 1855,[1] this worthy old man writes to Lord Panmure: "Sebastopol is a splendid town — much more so than any of us imagine! The Barracks and the Docks far surpass anything I have seen in my life." Is there not something delightfully Pooterish about this?

Lord Panmure said of the General that he was "of no extensive scope of mind", and the criticism is not unjust. Still, it seems unkind of Palmerston to have pointed out "Simpson has not sent us any information whatever as to the quantity and the nature of the stores[2] left by the Russians." Even the good-natured Panmure wrote to the General that his letters were "too costive and did not half[3] satisfy our Gracious Sovereign or her Cabinet." The Cabinet told General Simpson pretty plainly that he was resting too long on his oars. The inaction of the French and British after the fall of Sebastopol moved Queen Victoria to an unwonted piece of sarcasm: "When he (General Simpson) telegraphed that he must wait to know the intentions and plans of the Russians, the Queen was tempted to advise a reference to St. Petersburg for them!" This is one of the quaintest and most humorous comments to be found in military history.

The General resigned — "these electric wires upset all calculations and cause infinite confusion." The two

[1] This was when MacMahon, planting a standard on the summit of the Malakoff, made his historic remark, "*J'y suis et j'y reste.*" Pélissier, when created a peer of France, took the title "Duc de Malakoff."

[2] The Zouaves removed a good deal of portable property. One of them was observed with an enormous white tom-cat in his haversack which he proposed to take to his grandmother to console her for the loss of one of these amiable pets which the Russians at Paris, in 1815, had stolen and eaten "*en civet de lièvre.*" Barbarians!

[3] It is odd that in modern slang this would have been very high praise.

Generals in the running for the Chief Command were Sir Colin Campbell and Sir W. Codrington. Lord Hardinge, the Commander-in-Chief, had had some little difficulty with Sir Colin, and, consequently, Sir. W. Codrington, though the junior, got the appointment.

But Napoleon III, who was turning his eyes Rhinewards, had grown weary of the war, and it gradually petered out. An armistice was signed March 14, 1856, cigars and champagne were handed round, and Pélissier kissed Sir William Codrington. But one cannot help wishing that Sir James Simpson had been the recipient of this honour. He would surely have said that "it was more than he cared about or deserved."

The Peninsular War and the Crimean War were fortunate in their historians. Whether the soldier, Napier, or the civilian, Kinglake, has the finer style, is a matter of opinion. But it is rather sad to reflect that while Napier admired Napoleon I because he was a great soldier, Kinglake disliked Napoleon III because the beautiful Miss Howard, who probably was not unaware upon which side her bread was buttered, had closed her door to him and opened it to the future Emperor. It certainly must have been jealousy which made the historian say of Napoleon III in "The Invasion of the Crimea" that "his features were opaque."

This is enough to make Clio curse her sex.

GARIBALDI

(*Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis*)

GARIBALDI

(*Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis*)

GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI had, in early and middle life, adventures compared with which the exploits of the Moor of Venice, as recounted to the Royal-Marine-like ear of Brabantio, are as the simple annals of a bland and blameless Sunday-school teacher; he helped to turn a "geographical expression" into a nation; he immortalized a biscuit (known, however, to the flippant modern child, who has little reverence for tradition, as the "squashed-fly biscuit"); he also gave his name to a blouse,[1] and when lionized by all classes in London in 1864, left hurriedly because "at home he went to bed at eight and rose at five, and found dining at 8.30 injurious to his health" — at least this was the reason given by Lord Palmerston in the House of Lords.[2]

All these are great and unusual things to have done, and make it all the more lamentable that he should have

[1] Extract from Charles Pooter's Diary, August 1 (*circa* 1890): "Ordered a new pair of trousers at Edward's, and told them not to cut them so loose over the boot. . . . Carrie has ordered of Miss Jibbons a pink *Garibaldi* and blue serge skirt, which I always think looks so pretty at the seaside." As Mr. Padge would have said, had he seen Mrs. Pooter in this attire, "That's right."

[2] Garibaldi himself thought, probably rightly, that the English Government found his presence embarrassing, and wanted him to go. Mr. Gladstone tried to discuss the matter with "this simple and heroic man" as he called him, "but the utmost that I could get out of him was that it would be sad if the Italian people should lose its faith" — not so very simple.

cut so sorry a figure in 1870–1871. His offer to help France appears to have been an impulse,[1] and some historians suggest that he would not have been sorry if it had been rejected. His was an impulsive nature. He fell in love with his Anita at first sight in South America. His first words when they first met were, Mr. G. M. Trevelyan tells us, "Thou oughtest to be mine" — how like Mr. Dowler — which she incontinently was. For some mysterious reason, forgetfulness, perhaps, the cold formality of a marriage ceremony was dispensed with for some years. Other authorities say he fell in love with her "through a telescope", which again is just the kind of thing Mr. Dowler would have done, probably at Margate, while the future Mrs. Dowler was bathing. Such was Garibaldi's devotion to Anita that "one day he appeared on parade with his golden locks close shorn" — another impulse — because, so it appears, they had excited the amorous propensities of the fierce virgins of Montevideo, much, naturally, to Anita's distress. We are not told, unfortunately, what effect they had on his C.O.

This remarkable man, of whom, during his visit to England, Tennyson said "he has the divine stupidity of a hero", landed at Marseilles October 7, 1870. Although his offer to help France had been accepted, in some quarters his arrival was regarded with considerable misgiving. Admiral Fourichon, Minister of War at the time, said later that he considered the "calling in of this adventurer to help France as a scandal." Another member of

[1] General Ambert in his *History of the Franco-German War* writes "*il se précipita sur la France comme les corbeaux sur le cadavre d'un brave.*"

the Government, M. Cremieux, went further. Learning of Garibaldi's arrival he threw his hands towards heaven, exclaiming: "*Mon Dieu, il ne nous manquait plus que cela!*" (as who should say in the English vernacular, "That's done it!"). The next question was, what to do with him. The delegates who met him were horrified at the appearance of this feeble, shambling, worn-out and decrepit old man, looking, in his red shirt and gray cloak, more like a superannuated brigand than a hero. One can almost see the hopeless shrugging of the delegates' shoulders and their outturned hands. Some wag suggested that he should be appointed Grand Pope of the Universal Republic rather than be given a command. Gambetta, who, having ballooned out of Paris, arrived at Tours about this time, for once showed sound military judgment, and at first offered him the command of three hundred Italian volunteers. The Hero of the Thousand could not stand, or, to use the more expressive phrase "stand for," this, and the indignant ancient threatened to leave France. Such is the power of reputation that the next offer was the command of all the Irregulars in the Zone of the Vosges. It was impossible to put the "Hero of Two Worlds", who had commanded by land and sea, and who had acquired a bubble reputation so large as almost to resemble a Zeppelin, under the orders of any French General; so Garibaldi took orders from nobody, though he entertained suggestions from Gambetta. Sometimes, one thinks, from the scanty attention he paid to them, Gambetta's suggestions entertained him.

Having been provided with a command, Garibaldi's next step was to gather round him a staff. Their names

read rather like the dramatis personæ of an *opéra bouffe:* Frappolli, Ordinaire, Baillehache, Gauckler, Jacquot de Saulcy, Lobbia, Bordone, Basso and Fra Pantaleo "*moine apostat*"; do not these suggest the tuning-up of an orchestra, grease paint and blackcloths rather than a G.H.Q.? And where are the names Tartarin and Bouillebaissou, which we would expect to find in this company? And, indeed, they were as odd as their names. Lobbia is briefly described as a "*viveur*"; but he was a cautious and most correct *viveur:* when in the mood to visit *maisons de débauche* he was always careful to be chaperoned by the Chief of Police, to give a semi-official character to these inspections. Jacquot de Saulcy had arrived from Turkey with wonderful military diplomas: discreet enquiries at the French Embassy at Constantinople elicited the painful truth that "*le sieur Jacquot*" had arrived there with a forged passport under the name of M. de Saulcy, had been a workman on the Suez Canal excavations, was by trade a "*ferblancier-lampiste*", and by profession "*un aventurier trop ignorant pour être dangereux.*" But the most remarkable character of all was Bordone. Originally called Bourdon, he wisely (the Bumblebee not being a very martial insect) changed his name.[1] Well known from early youth to the *police correctionelle*, his most respectable profession appears to have been that of an apothecary. So far as Garibaldi's motley crowd could be said to have a life and soul, Bordone was this; in the words of Colonel Rousset, "*le nom de Garibaldi n'était qu'une étiquette et Bordone en realité menait tout.*" Gambetta reported of him "*nul*

[1] According to General Ambert, "so as to deceive writ-servers."

parle et n'écrit comme lui," and we shall see later how true this was.

It should be explained that money was no object so far as Garibaldi and his men went. M. Blavoyer, of the Supply Department, complained that while the French soldiers might go in rags, the Garibaldians were richly and splendidly clad: he added, with the quaint seriousness that makes official French a standing joy to at least one appreciative reader, that the cloak of Garibaldi himself was (as Racine might have said) "*d'une ampleur excessive.*"

Garibaldi's force was divided into four brigades, commanded by Generals Bossack-Hauke (a brave and fanatic Pole); Delpech (another "*viveur*", formerly a tanner with a fine taste in game, tobacco, burgundy and punch); and Garibaldi's two sons, Menotti and Ricciotti. Menotti was a brave man, but always profoundly bored[1] except when playing billiards. Ricciotti's was a more lively character; his men were devoted to him because, like Captain Reece, R.N., of H.M.S. *Mantelpiece,* he allowed them to do exactly as they liked. But both were brave men if not scientific soldiers, and what few military laurels the Garibaldians won in the war were due to Ricciotti's enterprise and initiative. Their one real success was his work: in November he brought off a successful little *coup de main* on Chatillon, where he and his men, including "Lieutenant Nicolai, wife of Captain Nicolai", surprised and cut up six *Landwehr* battalions. But like most *coups de main* by Irregulars in the war, it only led to savage reprisals on the part of the Prussians; as the un-

[1] General Piépape says he had "*le flegme britannique.*"

fortunate Mayor of Chatillon remarked, it was "*complètement inutile au pays.*"

Garibaldi now got to serious work. On October 29 he issued an army order of a remarkable nature. Indeed, the *Daily Telegraph* of the day (the style of which was not exactly coldly classical) denounced it as "fustian." He addressed his motleys as "*fils de la Liberté, élite de tous les peuples*"; he asseverated, rather like the gentleman who fell in love with the Lass of Richmond Hill, that he would not change his present position for a crown; indeed, he indulged in most remarkable balderdash. But though he would not change his position, he found it necessary to make changes in his staff. Frappolli and Baillehache were got rid of because the ex-Bumblebee had fallen foul of them, and Gambetta found himself forced to acquiesce. Autun, where Garibaldi had his headquarters, looked on in amazement while his men billeted themselves in the fine old cathedral, "sat on its altars smoking their pipes and drenching its costly drapery with ink as they scrawled their letters on its sacred table" (*Hozier*). This was only to be expected; amongst Garibaldi's lesser-known exploits was a Maria Monk-like anti-clerical novel, *Clelia, ovvero il governo del monacho.* Amongst the troops who scandalized the worthy citizens of Autun was Garibaldi's crack corps the "*bataillon Patatrac*", consisting of high-spirited young Italians, Bohemian boys (and girls too for that matter), who had come to France to found "The Universal Republic", and, incidentally, to enjoy themselves. The remainder of his troops were of somewhat doubtful origin and character. Indeed, an Italian Deputy went so far as to ask,

"Now that these people have left Italy, what work is there for the police?" These troops had, in the words of Longfellow, "a strange device" — one might even call it eccentric — "*Mangiamo bene, beviamo bene, la Francia paga bene, e tutto andra bene*"; this was their battle-cry, or rather their café-cry, for it was in these pleasant resorts that they spent most of their time. They acquired a certain knowledge of French and "*Coquine de Diou*", in the delightful Marseilles accent, was often on their tongues. But their favourite chant was:

O Garibaldi,
O Padre mio,
Dammi fucile
Che voglio partire.

(for what destination is not stated). To this their beloved General would reply from his sedan chair or his victoria (he was not strong enough for horseback), "*Salute, ragazzi! Vive la Republica Universale! Abasso Pio Nono!*"

But there was other and more serious work to do besides tingle-tangling in cafés. As the "*Enquête Parlementaire*" (which corresponds to our Royal Commission), said after the war, "*Presque tous les officiers avaient leurs femmes ou leurs maîtresses, et ces femmes et ces maîtresses touchaient la solde des officiers.*" The question of pay — always a thorny question — was simply and satisfactorily solved by a Colonel Ravelli, who evolved the ingenious idea of making one man play many parts, *i.e.*, the same soldier would represent, and draw the pay of, several men, just as half a dozen supers on the stage will cross it, return behind the scenes and re-

cross it, thus giving the unsophisticated the impression of an enormous multitude. This was proved by cold, hard figures after the war. Garibaldi's men at their highest were never more than fifty thousand, but poor France paid through the nose for seventy thousand. Lobbia had another and equally simple method of supplementing his pay. Like Mary Anne Clarke, that fascinating little woman, he is stated to have sold promotions to any one who could afford to buy them. Another "*individu*", a certain Delorme, acquired the rank of Commandant by forming a corps of children of fourteen and upwards, which corps was known as the "*Enfants Perdus de Paris*."

These quaint folk certainly knew one branch of military administration backwards, and that was the gentle art of requisitioning. What they wanted they took. The unfortunate natives frankly said they would have preferred the Prussians, as "they would pillage us in a more orderly manner." Religious establishments suffered in particular; Garibaldi had no use whatever for priests; the Universal Republic did not include them amongst its citizens. Garibaldi's tactics were equally odd. At the end of November, the "general idea" being, in his own words, "*Allons souper à Dijon*," he proceeded to attack that town, then occupied by Von Werder. It was a night attack. The artful old partizan who well knew the value of surprise, decided to surprise the Prussians. He did so, one might even say he astonished them. Standing up in his victoria, he sang to his troops. The attack was a failure, and Von Werder's laconic report ended "the enemy fled in disorder, leaving their arms behind them." But the song was a success. The ineffable Bordone writes, "*Qui*

GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI

n'a pas vu Garibaldi en ce moment ne peut savoir tout ce qu'il y a en lui de simple et de sublime à la fois, ni ce que la même voix humaine peut avoir d'intonations diverses, depuis le ton le plus mâle et le plus retentissant, jusqu'au ton le plus doux et le plus caressant." (Perhaps British drill-sergeants might note this.) Bordone, indeed, maintained that the attack also was a success, "we really did enter Dijon and we returned without being pursued." What more could be said?

On December 27, the Germans, uneasy as to Bourbaki's movements, evacuated Dijon, and on January 12, Garibaldi and his Army of the Vosges occupied it. His first step was to quarrel with General Pélissier in command of the French mobiles there. The conduct of the Garibaldians was such that Pélissier was constrained to complain in the strongest terms of their scandalous behaviour. But poor M. de Freycinet found himself forced to promote Bordone to the rank of General "as a sign of his sympathy and respect for Garibaldi." It was not thought expedient to hurt the Old Man of the Mountains' feelings.

In the meantime Ricciotti [1] and Lobbia were reconnoitring the surroundings, "manœuvring", as General Piépape puts it, "to avoid the enemy, in which they displayed great dexterity." The French authorities were perpetually urging action on Garibaldi, who, in 1870–1871, had as much notion of strategy [2] as he had of a Supreme

[1] Who had in charge of his ambulance an English lady with the odd English name Vyte-Mary (presumably Mary White).

[2] Proclamations were his strategy, proclamations in which he babbled of "Switzerland and Wilhelm Tell, Grant and the United States, wealthy sybarites and fraudulent priests" (*C. de Mazade*).

Being: he had two stereotyped replies, "*Soyez tranquil*" and "*Soyez sans inquiétude.*" It was at this juncture that Ricciotti and Lobbia returned to Dijon. "Why," asked the inhabitants of the countryside, "are you leaving us?" These frank and simple commanders replied with the most engaging sincerity, "*Mais parce que les Prussiens arrivent.*" But it is only fair to state that one of Garibaldi's original instructions to his troops ended with the words that he "hoped every man would do his duty, and should the enemy appear in superior numbers, *se repliera sous les bois en forêt.*" The Duke of Plaza Toro could not have put it more neatly.

On January 18 the Army of the Vosges made a reconnaissance in force from Dijon to Messigny, some six miles or so away. "Finding, however, nothing to eat in the village, Garibaldi's officers, who were hungry, loudly demanded that they should return to Dijon, which was duly done in triumph to the sounds of the *Marseillaise*" (*Piépape*). A layman can only ask, "What do you think of that, my cat? What do you think of that, my dog?" The result was that Manteuffel was enabled to continue his march to join forces with Von Werder unmolested. The German Official History briefly dismisses this venture of Garibaldi's as "a demonstration without any effect."

But, at last, on the nineteenth, official patience was worn out and M. de Freycinet was moved to write to Bordone in the following terms: "I do not understand your incessant question: 'Who is in command?' any more than I can understand the objections which always arise

at the moment when you are — so you say — going to do something. You are the only General to adduce difficulties and disputes as an excuse for doing nothing whatever. The Government is most dissatisfied. You have given no support whatever to Bourbaki's army, and your presence at Dijon has been not the slightest hindrance to the enemy's march to the East. In short, what we require of you is more action and less explanation." Nothing "*doux et caressant*" about this!

Von Kettler, who had been left before Dijon with the mission of watching the Garibaldians, attacked it on the twenty-first; the fighting continued till the twenty-third; the Polish General, Bossack-Hauke, was killed, but the 2d Battalion of the 61st (Pomeranian) Regiment lost its Colours, and the Garibaldians seemed to have justified themselves. The old partizan issued proclamations of a most bombastic nature, his "young sons of liberty had seen the heels of these terrible soldiers of William, they had written a glorious page in history, they had conquered the most experienced troops in the world." Bouquets were showered upon him. M. Crémieux wrote to Garibaldi, "*Cher Garibaldi, continuez à vaincre*"; M. de Freycinet wrote to Gambetta, "*Garibaldi est décidément notre premier Général*"; and — a dreadful anticlimax — Manteuffel, questioned as to the attack on Dijon, replied that "it was to amuse the old boy.[1] I had no use for Dijon, so I left it to him."

The "old boy" rested on his laurels in Dijon;

[1] His men were less respectful: to them Garibaldi was "*der alte Narr.*"

Manteuffel and Von Werder continued, unmolested, their operations of encircling Bourbaki's army, and thrust it into Switzerland; and Bourbaki[1] shot himself.

The most damning evidence brought by history against Garibaldi is that of German writers on the war. "His military renown has been completely annihilated by the very inconsiderable part which he played in the campaign. He attempted nothing, and, probably, he remarked nothing"[2] (*Niemann*). "He did nothing to stop the advance of the German South Army. Safely entrenched at Dijon, which he took great care not to quit, he awaited the course of events" (*Von der Goltz*). "The bold advance of this weak brigade (Von Kettler's) cowed the hostile army into inactivity, so that General Manteuffel was able to pursue his march unopposed" (*Von Moltke*). "He had such considerable means at his disposal that he might perfectly well have attempted to check General Manteuffel's march and deployment from the mountain defiles" (*Prussian Official History*). "On the whole he did Germany more good than harm: his chief activity was issuing mad and bombastic proclamations"[3] (*Wickede*).

But, after all, what could one expect of this enfeebled old man, in spite of his courage and cunning when pitted against the German military machine, Von Werder, Manteuffel, Prince Charles, Von der Goltz, old Onkel von

[1] He recovered and lived till 1897.

[2] As M. de Freycinet telegraphed to him "*Vos éclaireurs n'éclairent pas.*"

[3] In reading them one is irresistibly reminded of the phrase used by Miss Fanny Squeers in her letter to Ralph Nickleby: "I am screaming out loud all the time I write this."

Moltke, and all? French opinion is pithily summed up in an epigram which had some vogue after the war:

Si César vint, vit et vainquit
Garibaldi vint, vit de même.
C'est un vrai César en petit
Des trois choses que César fit
Il ne manque que la troisième.

France had many humiliations to suffer in 1871 at the hands of "that there Beastmark", as the Cockney of the period termed the Prussian statesman. But, perhaps, the greatest humiliation was that the France of St. Louis, of St. Jeanne d'Arc, of the Roi Soleil, of the Great Napoleon, should have had, as sole ally against the Teuton hordes, this toothless and impotent old lion and his pack of jackals.

SOME WARRIORS IN THE AMERICAN WAR OF INDEPENDENCE

SOME WARRIORS IN THE AMERICAN WAR OF INDEPENDENCE

SOME dreadful, classical old bore, when put upon half-pay, or retired, probably for laughing in the wrong place when the Commander-in-Chief made a joke, stated, in a heavy and Crummles-like fashion, "that he, for his part, would now turn his sword into a ploughshare." (*Loud and prolonged hoots from the legionaries.*) A very idiotic remark this, for to make a ploughshare out of a sword must be as difficult as making bricks without straw. (Though, on reflection, I really cannot imagine how one sets about making bricks *with* straw.) The reverse process, to turn a ploughshare into a sword, must be much more easy, and this is what many of the American Generals who fought under Washington did.

In glancing through their careers one comes across many pleasant stories of them in undress, which show what very remarkable characters the English were "up against" in North America in the Revolutionary War, the War of Independence, or the War of the Rebellion, whatever you like to call it.

Putnam, a name still well known in the United States, though it has, I think, died out in England, when a quiet farmer at Pomfret — a pleasant rustic name if you do not pronounce it Pontefract — exasperated by a wolf who had "got his goat", or to be exact, a large number of his goats, not to mention sheep, pursued what the news

letters of the day, in reporting the episode, called, no doubt, "the vulpine marauder", into its lair and, holding a torch in one hand, shot it with a weapon, probably a blunderbuss, held in the other. Thus did one keep the wolf from the door in the brave, Fenimore Cooperish days when, from Manhattan to the Pacific, the whole continent consisted entirely of the great open spaces where all the men were he-men and all the women Prairie Flowers (as the old song about Rosalie has it) who could "draw a bead on you",[1] and when the forest primeval reëchoed to the fierce yelpings of the dreaded Katydids and the boomings of the untamed bison (both, nowadays, I believe, almost extinct). And Putnam's fellow countrywomen, for all their ladylike, in-the-drawing-room accomplishments of bowie-knife work and bead-drawing,[2] were, when it came to a pinch — I use the word, of course, metaphorically — as spirited as he. When asked "befo' de wah" by a British officer in Boston if he did not think that five thousand veterans could march the whole length of the continent, Putnam replied in the memorable words, "Yes, if they behaved properly; if not, the American women would knock their brains out, if they have any, which I very much doubt, with their ladles." Nowadays they bowl the British over, even the hardened veterans, not with their ladles, but with their beauty, their sprightliness and their very ex-

[1] This I take to be a kind of crochet-tattoo work.

[2] A female friend whom I consulted on this point tells me that I must have been misinformed, as bead-drawing was not fashionable at this date and only came in "about the same time as revolvers." But I don't see how a man can be expected to know all the fandangos of fashion, so I shall let it stand.

pensive luggage. Where American womanhood is concerned, the British veteran's motto is "Lead me to it", and I am sure he always behaves with propriety.

John Stark — a fine fighting name — when a boy, was captured by Indians and forced to run the gauntlet. He had, however, his own ideas about this pastime, and, snatching an Indian club from the first Indian in the double file, proceeded to "belt" them with it to such effect that the Noble Savages, pleased with this remarkable display, with many approving *wahs* and *wumps*, adopted him as Chief.[1] Horatio Gates (who had served in the English Army), while a battle was being fought, was talking to Sir Francis Clark, who had been taken prisoner and who was lying wounded on Gates' bed. They got into an argument on the Revolution which waxed somewhat hot, and the indignant Gates, leaving Sir Francis in order to resume fighting, remarked to his aide-de-camp, "Did ever you hear such an impudent son of a ——?" One cannot but applaud the patriotic sentiment, one cannot but deplore the vigorous phrase, especially when applied to a Knight. But they said what they thought in those days. "Mad" Anthony Wayne remarked quite casually to Washington, "General, if you will plan it, I am ready to storm Hell," which, indeed, sounds quite modern. We now come, as the guide book says, to Nathaniel Greene. He was, it is evident from his name, of highly respectable parentage, being the son of a preacher and a Quaker preacher, too. He rather reminds

[1] On the British side, later on, a Major Bender of the 82d Regiment was a Chief of the Potowatonic tribe. When entertained on his retirement at a public dinner he "appeared in the gorgeous dress of the tribe and astonished his friends by going through the Indian War-dance."

me, from his geniality, of another Nathaniel, just plain Nathaniel, not Daniel Nathaniel or Nathaniel Daniel. He was "the wildest in the frolic and the merriest in all the dance." (Shade of Penn!) But, unlike Mr. Winkle, he was "devoted to Euclid, and when at the forge, while the iron was heating, would, with his soiled hands, turn over the pages of the renowned geometer with delight." Small wonder that a man of such determination of character rose to be, next to Washington, the ablest General in the American Army.

The violent and headstrong Charles Lee (not to be confused with "Light Horse Harry" Lee) had, like Gates, served in the British Army, and had also done a grand swashbuckling tour all over Europe. He quarrelled with everybody, Washington included, and got into trouble for his behaviour at the Battle of Monmouth. But there is a delightful story told of him. When requested in Valley Forge to take the oath of allegiance to the United States, he hesitated, and, asked the reason, replied, "As to King George, I am ready enough to absolve myself from all allegiance to him; but *I have some scruples about the Prince of Wales.*" But, if Prinney took this as a compliment, he must (by Gad!) have felt wounded in his tenderest feelings to learn, if he ever did, that Lee once declared that he had kept, and, apparently preferred, bad company all his life. Francis Marion, the great guerrilla leader of the South (whose nickname was "The Swamp Fox"), at the age of sixteen, on his way to the West Indies, was shipwrecked, and spent six days in an open boat "without provisions except a dead dog", and presumably, in such surroundings, it was impossible

to turn him into "hot dog." A man of strong character, rather than be "filled with wine", at a carousal in Charleston, he leapt from a second storey and broke his ankle. His favourite drink was "vinegar and water mixed." This is not calculated to inflame the passions, so one reads without astonishment that he was "free from the common frailties of men." He was, however, a terror to the Tories.

But, of all Washington's Generals, my favourite is one about whom not very much is said in the history books. This is General William Heath, whose *Memoirs* were published in 1798. If for no other reason, this autobiography is remarkable from the fact that the General never uses the word "I"; he always modestly alludes to himself as "Our General." His book was republished in 1904 with notes by R. R. Wilson, the editor of that excellent series, "Source Books of American History." Mr. Wilson says in his preface that General Heath was "better fitted for muster service and barrack duty than for active command in the field", which, I think, is right. But his book is delightful reading. He begins with, instead of "Portrait of Author to face title page", a description of himself. "Our General is of middling stature, light complexion, very corpulent and bald-headed, which led the French officers who served in America to compare him to the Marquis of Granby." [1] I can hear them doing it, and I am quite sure that they

[1] The popularity of the Marquis of Granby, who appeared upon the signboard of many inns in addition to that at Dorking, kept by a Mrs. Weller, was largely due to the fact that once upon the battlefield, when he took off his hat to wave the men forward, his wig blew off and he appeared totally bald.

described him amongst themselves as "*un original.*" As far as confessing goes, he is the Jean Jacques of military writers; never was General so delightfully frank. For example, writing on 19th April, 1775, he says: "This company [of militia] continuing to stand so near to the road, after they had certain notice of the advancing of the British in force, was but a too much braving of danger, for they were sure to meet with insult or injury, which they could not repel. Bravery, when called to action, should always take the strong ground on the basis of reason." There is great common sense in these lines, but I think he was a brave man who set them down in cold print. Equally frank is an anecdote he tells of Colonel Prescott, who, when told, at Bunker's Hill, by General Putnam, to send some of his men for entrenching tools, replied that not one of them would return; to this the General answered, "They shall every man return." A large party was then sent off, and not one of them returned: in this instance the Colonel was the best judge of human nature. And, indeed, it is difficult to blame the men, as they were raw militia who never before had been under fire. There is an engaging simplicity about many of Our General's observations which is very pleasing. His diary is full of such curious details as "In Boston mutton and veal are now 2s. per pound"; "a proclamation from the General Assembly of Massachusetts for the reformation of manners was read"; "Our General having been inoculated with the smallpox went through the operation of that distemper"; "a letter from Lord Howe to George Washington, Esqre., was rejected for the want of a proper direction"; "General

Washington's pleasure-boat coming down the river with a fresh breeze was supposed by the artillerists at Mount Washington to be one of the British tenders, and a 12-pdr. was discharged at her"; "the riflemen and yagers kept up a scattering popping at each other"; "Mutiny is a most horrid offence"; "Our General received polite and affectionate addresses on his leaving Boston." His last entry is December 2, 1783: "There was a grand exhibition of fireworks in celebration of the peace at the Bowling Green in Broadway. The magnificent fireworks far exceeded any before exhibited in the United States." Our very corpulent and bald-headed General may not have been a very great man in the field, but I cannot take leave of him without a "polite and affectionate" salutation to his memory.

On the British side there were two Generals who were, in undress, remarkably human. Burgoyne, who packed up his trunk at Saratoga,[1] loved the glare of the flambeaux, the cries of the linkboys and the smell of oranges in the pit. In short, he loved the stage and everything connected with it, especially those little ladies whose white bosoms excited the amorous propensities of Doctor Johnson. No doubt, like Mr. Snevellicci, he would say, "I love them and they love me." He was himself a

[1] This reminds me of a story which I think I must have read in some dusty old folio, with each letter "s" printed like an "f" and, as frontispiece, a striking portrait of Bellona making googoo eyes at Mars. Wild tanks shall not drag from me the nationality of the troops concerned or the war in which they were fighting. The troops in question were raw troops and has not been shot over. When first they were in the firing line, there came three messages from their headquarters. The first was *Bombardo*. The second was *Bombardo furioso*. And the third was *Packoportmanto*.

playwright, and his first drama, "The Maid of the Oaks", had the honour of being produced by Mr. Garrick. During the war in North America he is stated to have spent many merry evenings "supping with the beautiful wife of an English Commissary." He had several natural children, not by Mrs. Commissary, but by an opera singer. One of them became the famous Field-Marshal Sir John Fox Burgoyne, who had a voice in the Siege of Sebastopol.

The other *viveur* was Sir William Howe. He also was on the best of terms with the wife of a Commissary,[1] who was his *maîtresse en titre*. Moreover, it is said that in Boston he "found his Cleopatra in an illustrious courtesan." One cannot imagine any such lady living nowadays in that home of culture. Sweetness and light, if you will, but, I trust, no sweet light-o'-loves. Sir William also had, so it was whispered, frequent communings with the Demon, Rum. Charles Lee — they had known each other before the war — wrote, "Howe shut his eyes, fought his battles, drank his bottle, had his little whore, advis'd with his Counsellors, receiv'd his orders from North and Germaine, one more absurd than the other, shut his eyes and fought again."

As is only natural with a General with such warrior-like tastes as Howe, he was very popular with the troops. When he was recalled to England he was entertained by the Army at a "Mischianza", which, as its name

[1] Soldiers in the old days, however much they may have liked Commissaries' wives, appear to have heartily disliked the Commissaries themselves, who often fed them ill and were not the bravest of the brave. One in the Peninsular War came very near being hanged from the nearest tree. But he wasn't. Perhaps he was a married man.

rather hints, consisted of a variety of diversions, the chief being a tournament in which the Knights of the Burning Mountain (hot stuff!), on behalf of their ladies, entered the lists against the Knights of the Blended Rose, who fought on behalf of the Blended Rosebuds. There were also young ladies of the country "dressed in Turkish habits", a Pharaoh table, a "ball-room decorated in a light elegant style of painting", dancing till 10 o'clock, fireworks "with a magnificent bouquet of rockets" till midnight; then supper, and after that more dancing till four o'clock. And all the time Sir William walked about in the gay throng "promiscuously." It was, in fact, a far greater success than that other famous tournament, at Eglinton, in 1839, which, as it was held in England, was naturally spoilt by rain. This, indeed, proved that the age of chivalry really was dead, for you cannot feel chivalrous with a lance in one hand and holding in the other an umbrella over your head. Young Prince Louis Napoleon, who was present on this occasion, must have thought that old Froissart was right after all about the English taking their pleasures sadly. Sir William Howe's "Mischianza" at Philadelphia proved his popularity, and at the same time furnishes a violent contrast with the condition of Washington's men who, not very far away, were starving in mud and misery at Valley Forge.

But the most extraordinary British officer of this war was one who played quite a minor part in it. This is Major Robert Rogers, who can only be described as a "card." His early life is very interesting. Born in Massachusetts in 1727, his career was one long series of escapades and escapes, for in these days North America

was the home of adventure. "Once, in company with several other persons, it was agreed that the one who should tell the most improbable story or the greatest lie should be exempt from paying his share.[1]

When the Major's turn came, he related that his father was shot in the woods of America by a person who supposed him to be a bear, and that his mother was followed several miles through the forest by hunters who mistook her track for that of some animal." As Rogers finished, the company in the coffeehouse unanimously exclaimed, "You win," and yet he had told nothing but the truth. Rogers was the prince of partisans, his warfare was as irregular as his life and his financial transactions. He and his Rangers were a thorn in the side of the French and the Indians. When Rogers "came to Pontiac", as Sir Gilbert Parker might say, there were likely to be not wigs, but scalps, upon the green, for he was up to all the Indian tricks. When peace with France broke out he was made Commandant of Michilimackinac, an important trading post which is generally referred to, in the official correspondence of the day, as Michil[a] — and no wonder. (Just as Pietermaritzburg is generally known as P.M.B.) But he was not a success. He abhorred vouchers and would never preserve them, and would incur expenses without authority, a thing which authority hates. So he got into trouble and was arrested, but you might as well arrest an eel — he very soon got off. He then paid a visit to England, was presented to King George, and, being in a mail-coach which was held up by a highway-

[1] *i.e.*, of the reckoning for the company's consumption of what the Indians, I believe, then called "hooch", or, as we should say nowadays, "fire water."

MAJOR ROBERT ROGERS

man on Hounslow Heath, instead of standing and delivering, seized the highwayman by the scruff of the neck, dragged him from his horse through the window into the coach and "perwailed on him to stop" there, probably by sitting on his head. Spirited, but not the kind of behaviour to which highwaymen were accustomed. When in London he had "many people pushing for him to whom he owed money", and, lodging at Spring Gardens, Charing Cross, he proceeded "to hum all the great people", and when asked what would content him, modestly replied that he "desired to be made a Baronet with a pension of £600 St'g." This he did not get, so he went to North Africa and "fought two battles in Algiers under the Dey", and, if this was the Dey whose scandalous behaviour has been immortalized in an even more scandalous limerick, they probably got on very well together.

He returned to North America just after the Boston Tea Party, and "wandered about without visible employment, giving his parole under oath to which he paid no regard", and offered his services both to Washington with the words "I love North America, it is my native country", and to the British Commander-in-Chief, probably with a broad hint as to emoluments. At this period he would sometimes disguise himself as an Indian, and, disguised or not disguised, had the deplorable and un-Major-like habit of "tarrying at taverns, and the next morning telling the landlord that he was out of money and could not pay his reckoning." His behaviour was indeed so strange and suspicious that he had the honour of an entry in the Journals of the New Hampshire House:

"It is strongly suspected that Major Robert Rogers is inimical to the Rights and Libertys of Americans," and the several Committees of Safety were counselled to seize the body of the said Robert Rogers. The said body was duly seized, but, needless to say, it did not take the said body long to walk off on its said legs. In short he escaped and went to Howe, and was empowered by him to raise a battalion of Rangers to fight on the British side, which he duly did. Contemporaries said of the Major: "He was lacking in honesty, and wholly untrustworthy with management of accounts;" "he became puffed up with pride and folly from the extravagant encomiums of some of the Provinces. This spoilt a good Ranger, for he was fit for nothing else. He had neither Understanding nor Principles." He incurred very heavy debts, scoffed at the idea of payment, and treated a Mr. Nathaniel Potter in a most ungentlemanly, if Ranger-like, manner. Rogers tried to engage the blameless Nathaniel in some irregular financial proceedings, and when Nathaniel refused to go in with him "took an Indian Spear and said 'damn you, I'll cook you, I'll warrant you,' besides other very foul language." Furthermore he took from Mr. Potter's lodgings "a silver-hilted Sword worth Six Guineas, a Fowling Piece, twenty pound weight of Beaver Skins, a hat and other wearing apparel"; in short he played the part of Robert Rogers, the Requisitioning Ranger. When poor Potter remonstrated, what did the Major do? Did he apologise and offer to pay for what he had taken? Far from it, he took the line of least resistance, "flew into a violent passion and knocked Potter down." Nor did he spare Mr. Potter's friends. One Ben-

jamin Roberts, meeting him, complained: "He asked me how I did. He had in his right hand a stick with a dart in it, and a long spike in the ferril with which he opposed my going further." "And oh! far worse than all beside he whipped his Bessie till she cried." At least so one may assume, for his sorely tried wife Elizabeth petitioned for a divorce from him, "setting forth that she was married to the said Robert Rogers about seventeen years ago, for the greater part of which time he had absented himself from, and totally neglected to support and maintain her, and had in a most flagrant manner in a variety of ways, violated the Marriage Contract, but especially by Infidelity to her Bed." *Semel Abbas, semper Abbas,* which one may here translate as "Once a Ranger, always a Ranger." Those who would know more of his military career should read his "Journals", a book which, admirably edited by F. B. Hough, was published at Albany, N. Y., in 1883. One of the Major's most extraordinary achievements was, not military, but literary. He wrote a play in verse called "Ponteach; or, The Savages of America: a Tragedy" (London, 1766). I cannot say it is a good play: Aristotle would have hated it, and it would not have won the approval of Mr. A. B. Walkley, Mr. Curdle, or Mr. Charles B. Cochran. But it contains one magnificent line, a line of which Wordsworth or Crabbe might have been proud. A character is talking of trading with the Indians, and says:

> But the great Engine I employ is Rum.

Could anything be more direct or simple? To strengthen his case that it is no crime "to cheat and gull an Indian",

he cites the case of "Old Ogden" (whoever he may have been):

> By this old Ogden built his stately House,
> Purchased estates, and grew a little King.
> He, like an honest Man, bought all by weight
> And made the ign'rant Savages believe
> That his Right Foot exactly weighed a Pound.

Apparently Mr. Ogden when purchasing a pound weight of pelts from poor Old Lo, having had as many skins as possible put in one scale, would, his pockets probably stuffed with bricks, place his right foot in the other, and press down heavily with it, "throwing," as the saying is, "his whole weight into the balance." This surely has (O Boy!) wooden nutmegs and sanded sugar beaten to a frazzle. The amazing thing is that Pop Ogden "died in Quiet like an honest Dealer." I suppose it was his "liberality with 'the great Engine'" mentioned above that saved him from being scalped and tomahawked. In modern days, of course, he would have ended, if not as a Peer,[1] at least as the father-in-law of a Peer. As regards plot and construction, the best one can say about the tragedy is that it is not quite so confusing and involved as that great and Ibsenish drama in which the chief characters were an outlaw, the outlaw's wife, and "somebody in a cloak who said, 'Beware!'"

Which I think is a good word on which to end. The Robert Rogers family is not extinct. Members of it are still to be met on the race course, in the night club, in

[1] Baron Goldbrick. Arms: "A Savage-man, Proper, *reguardant* a Phony Four-Flusher, Improper, *passant*" — rapidly towards the horizon and Lil Ole Noo Yark. Motto: "*Deteriora sequor.*"

the saloon bar, and in the lounge of the *Hôtel Flamboyant.* Agreeable men they are, too, and, curiously enough, they always seem to come from one's home town. Which fact ought to make them more trusting, for they often have the odd fancy of asking — it sounds quite school-girlish — for an exchange of confidences. And if your particular confidence takes the form of a bulging wallet, why, so much the more satisfactory, is their specious argument, for everybody concerned. In short they "tell the old, old story."

So should ever you find yourself in the company of a Regular Ranging Robert Rogers — Beware!

WASHINGTON'S JOHN MOORE

(*Baron von Steuben*)

WASHINGTON'S JOHN MOORE

(*Baron von Steuben*)

IT IS a somewhat trite and obvious reflection that there have been men, women, and animals who, for some trifling reason, have changed the course of history. If Helen of Troy had been like a Pantomime Dame; if Cleopatra, when she was a sweet chuck (or child) had been dropped by her nurse and had her nose broken; if that accursed ape had had the sense to hurl the infant, Oliver Cromwell, from the battlements; why, certain things which did happen would not have happened. And, to pursue this speculative vein to its logical conclusion, things which didn't happen would have happened. Which, like most philosophical meditations, is rather akin to drinking claret: it does not get one much "forrader." To come to more modern times, if that excellent, though German, Baron Friedrich Wilhelm August Heinrich Ferdinand von Steuben, to give him his full — his very full — name had not gone to the United Colonies in 1777, would England have lost them?

Let me hasten to say that I do not mean any disrespect to George Washington, to whom I "lift my hat." Within five hundred yards of the statue of the Royal Martyr (the best statue in London) there are statues of three Georges; one might, thanks to the action of the London climate on bronze, call them, Hergesheimerly, Three Black Georges. There is George III, with his quaint little

pigtail, looking straight in front of him, sternly refusing to glance at the shipping offices which will take you to the world which he lost. There is that amiable rascal, his eldest son, trying to peer over the tops of the houses to catch a glimpse of what was once Carlton House, where he had a more roystering time than any other English monarch, Old Rowley not excepted, had anywhere. And just behind George IV is — one may as well admit it — the greatest George of the three, George the Conquerer,[1] looking meditatively towards the Houses of Parliament. I often wonder what statues would say to each other if they could speak. I am afraid that that stubborn old stiff-neck, George III, would still cherish his grouch, and refuse to speak to "Mr." Washington. But I think that his blackguard son, who, like all blackguards, could be very charming on occasion, would give the colonial George the ready hand, and say something equivalent to "Say, George, we sure gotta hand it to you." And yet George Washington owed a great deal — he admitted as much — to the excellent German Baron who did for the raw, undisciplined Continentals in Valley Forge very much what Sir John Moore did for the British Army at Shorncliffe.

An Englishman who has never been in the United States is at a great disadvantage in writing of events in American history. One is, of course, familiar with many historical American place-names, such as The Bronx, Saratoga (where once there was a Convention, and, where, later, the trunks came from), Sing-Sing, Brooklyn Bridge, Long Island, Coney Island, the Large White Thorough-

[1] After all he was much more of an Englishman than his royal rival.

fare, the Lambs' Club, Oshkosh, Greenwich Village, Hollywood, Atlantic City, Oz, Wall Street, Monkeyville, Riverside Drive, Bald Pate, Seattle (home town, I believe, of a Mr. Simms), Washington Square and the Little Church Round the Corner. All these — the list sounds, I think, almost Miltonic — are as familiar to me as cinema captions can make them; but I do not know, and I suppose I never shall know, what they are really like. But what I should very much like to know is if Valley Forge at the present day is at all like what it was in that terrible winter when Baron von Steuben first made its acquaintance.

The British army in its retreat, in 1795, through Holland and Westphalia, suffered very great hardships. Those who lay down to rest were frozen to death. As an Officer of the Guards, who served through the campaign, puts it: "you would not proceed one hundred yards without perceiving the dead bodies of men, women, children and horses in every direction." But they had, at least, safety and home waiting for them at the end of their march, while the Americans in Valley Forge had nothing to which to look forward, except Liberty. When Von Steuben first saw them, he said, "No European army could be kept together a week in such a state." They had little food and less clothes: both were not far off, in abundance, but there was no transport to bring them to the men. To put it in their own words, they had "no pay, no clothes, no provisions, and no rum." And the greatest of these (*pace* Mr. Volstead) is Rum.[1] At one time out

[1] It may have been forgotten that Napoleon's carriage, captured at Waterloo, contained, in addition to such curiosities as "articles for strict

of five thousand men, four thousand were unable to go on duty, because, had they done so, they would have done it practically naked. But suddenly their salvation appeared. As Major Ganoe, in his absorbing "History of the United States Army", puts it "there was bestowed upon our ragged troops the greatest gift that they could have received — the gift of discipline."

Amongst the many foreigners, most of them soldiers of fortune looking for a Tom Tiddler's Ground, who went to North America to assist the Americans, Lafayette, from the romance and glamour attaching to his name, is probably the best known. Next best known is Kosciusko, chiefly because "Freedom shrieked when Kosciusko fell." But Von Steuben, I think, should come first. He had served under Frederick the Great, and had fought at Prague, Rosbach and Kunersdorf. Taken prisoner by the Russians, he had been employed in training their army. When the Seven Years' War came to an end he settled down to the life of a country gentleman on his estate in Swabia. He was a Knight of the Order of Fidelity,[1] Grand Marshal of the Court of the Prince of Hohenzollern-Hechingen, and a Canon of sorts. The Emperor of Austria and the King of Sardinia had both vainly tried to enlist his services. In 1777, on his way to visit England, he stopped in Paris, and the Minister of War, Count St. Germain, tried to persuade him to go to North

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personal convenience, made of silver", a bottle of rum. Had Napoleon drunk this bottle, who knows but that the course of history might have been altered?

[1] Whatever that may mean. It sounds rather like the "Order of Chastity, Second Class", which a certain Sultan of Turkey would bestow upon European ladies who visited the Sublime Porte.

America to train the army. Von Steuben hesitated, but, after an interview with Franklin and Silas Deane, consented. He took with him, as interpreter, a certain Pierre Duponceau. They landed at Portsmouth, December 1, 1777, and the first thing the amiable interpreter did — to win a bet — was to stop the first young Puritan maid he met, and ask her for a kiss. He got it, and, if I were American-born, I would rather be descended from this amiable young lady than from the most prim and grim Pilgrim Father. And I hope the pretty little New Hampshire Puritan said to him, "Brother, pray, is there any just cause or impediment why I should not bestow upon thee another?"

What was Von Steuben's real motive in going to America? There are some questions which are almost "beyond conjecture." "What song did the Sirens sing?" Well, I should say it was probably the ancient equivalent of the more modern "Come where the Booze is Cheaper", which, by the way, touched the heart of, and won, for its tunefulness, not its sentiments, the warm applause of Queen Victoria. "What name did Achilles assume when he hid amongst women?" If he really wanted to keep his incognito, probably something like "Smuthos." "Did Tosti wear a bowler when Tosti said 'Good-Bye'?" I think not: a bowler is not romantic. (Though there certainly was a ghastly and very popular Victorian print called, I think, the "Garden of Eden", representing two lovers in a fog in Hyde Park, in which Romeo is certainly wearing a bowler of a most soup-plate-like aspect.) It is far more likely that Tosti wore on this occasion one of the "delicious cricket-caps of sixty

years ago", one of those which supplanted the cricketing top hat; very similar, in fact, to that which Carrie Pooter wore when she and her husband went to dine with Mr. Hardfur Huttle.

Some historians have asserted that the motive which took Baron von Steuben to North America was "a love for liberty." With all respect I venture to remark: Bunk, Fiddle, and Bosh. The real reason, probably, was that, having campaigned all his life through, he found the tedium of a gentleman farmer's life intolerable. He wanted to see the new world, and, incidentally, to make a living by his old profession.

The only thing against him was that he did not know a word of English. But through his interpreter he made Congress a very sporting offer: he would join the army as a volunteer, and, if the States did not get their independence, he should have nothing. If they did, he was to be fairly recompensed for what he had given up in Europe. This offer was accepted. When he arrived at Valley Forge and saw the troops lying about in hovels on straw, and blanket-clad for lack of uniforms, he must have felt much as Martin Chuzzlewit did when he first realized what kind of a place Eden really was. But Von Steuben got to work in the right Mark Tapley spirit. It is true the clumsiness of the untrained, awkward squads drove the martinet, accustomed to the formal precision of the Frederickian drill, to a frenzy. In modern language "The boys showed their stuff, and did it look good from here? It did *not*." In his own words "*Gott verdamn de gaucherie of dese badauts.* I can curse dem no more." So he would call upon his faithful interpreter to continue the cursing in English. But he had a kind heart,

and the personal interest he took in the men endeared him to them. His diligence was extraordinary. He would rise at three, have a cup of coffee, start smoking, and by sunrise, be ready for his daily damning. Not only would he carefully scrutinize the rank and file and their equipment, but he would keep a constant and careful eye on the behaviour and capacity of the N.C.O's.

He persuaded Washington to add to his guard, as Commander-in-Chief, one hundred picked men, all Virginians; and he proceeded to drill them, and drill them until they were absolutely perfect in their evolutions. They then gave an "exhibition drill" before all the Inspectors, Brigade Majors and Adjutants of the Army. Thus was the whole Army leavened. And as the men learned discipline from him, they also learned to take care of their arms.[1] Before his arrival the American Army lost from five thousand to eight thousand muskets a year. After he took them in hand, the annual loss became negligible.

Washington was much pleased with him. When first he met him, he wrote to Congress, "He appears to be much of a gentleman, and, as far as I have had an opportunity of judging, a man of military knowledge, and acquainted with the world." Later he testified to the Baron's "intelligence, zeal and indefatigable industry", and persuaded Congress to make him Inspector-General with the "incident emoluments" (a fine red-tapey phrase) of a Major-General.

Von Steuben also took in hand the officers who, hither-

[1] An American historian says, "The use of bayonets was not understood: they were either left at home or used to toast beefsteaks" — when they could get them.

to, had thought that their only duty was to lead the men into action. He personally drilled them, as he did the rank and file, and persuaded them to take an interest in their men. Thus, the Cold Shadow of Aristocracy, which had been threatening to become the bane of the military system of the United States, vanished, never to reappear in the American Army. Democracy, thanks to a nobleman, and a Prussian nobleman at that, was beginning to come into its own. He also made vast improvements in hygiene and sanitation — neither had existed, in fact, in Valley Forge before his arrival — and he drew up a set of Regulations, which, so far as an officer's attitude to his men goes, might still serve as a model. He saw — odd indeed for a Prussian — that soldiers were men, not machines. But there was, surely, never a Drill Book or Training Manual compiled in such an extraordinary manner. First, he would "rough it out" in German, which he would then translate into most indifferent French. Then Colonel Fleury, one of his staff, would put it into good French. Then the flirtatious Pierre Duponceau, his mind, no doubt, wandering in the direction of some pretty little Puritan *chérie*, would put it into very indifferent English. And, finally, Captain Walker, another member of his staff, would put it into good English. But it was not a case of too many cooks spoiling the broth, for the result was excellent, and three thousand copies were printed and distributed to the Army.

In these Instructions he laid special stress on the necessity of the officers treating their men with kindness and humanity, attending to their complaints and seeing them, when well founded, redressed. He, himself, would — it

was certainly unusual in any army at this date — "even visit the sick in their cabins." Where drill and discipline were concerned, he was a Sir John Moore; where humanity was concerned, he was a Duke of York. An Englishman can give him no higher praise.

He naturally wanted to have a fighting command, but an equally natural jealousy on the part of American-born and bred officers stood for long in the way. But he had his reward at Monmouth Court House. Lee, not "Light Horse Harry" but Charles, who was afterwards court-martialled, ordered a retreat, and the men were retiring in disorder. Washington, calling Lee to his face "a damned poltroon", re-formed them, and they advanced against the British as coolly as any veterans of the Seven Years' War would have done. Von Steuben's drill and discipline saved the day.

The kindness of this good Baron's disposition is shown by a remark at André's trial, at which he was one of the judges: "It is impossible," he said, "to save him: would to God the wretch who has drawn him to his death might be made to suffer in his stead." What he thought of "the wretch" was evident upon another occasion. He was reviewing a regiment and heard the name Arnold called, in the muster roll. He asked the private bearing this name to step from the ranks, and addressed him: "Change your name, fellow-soldier; you are too respectable to have a traitor's name: take any name — mine is at your service." And so there were two Steubens fighting in Washington's army.

He never had any money, as he was always giving it away, and entertaining. He would have dinners provided

out of his own pocket for the rank and file, because, "poor fellows, they have field-officers' stomachs without their pay or rations." He once sold part of his camp equipage (O Cost Accounting!) to give a dinner to some French officers who had often entertained him. After the surrender at Yorktown he sold his horse, so as to be able to offer hospitality to some British officers. But perhaps his kindest act was this: when sailing from New York to Virginia he heard a little black boy, who had been purchased by a Southerner, crying for his parents. This excellent Baron straightway bought him and had him sent back to his home.

He had a lively pen. When writing to a friend, to whom he wished to do a good turn, he said, "I have already spoken of it to the President of Congress *et je parlerai au bon Dieu et au diable.*" And in asking that consideration should be paid to a young French middy, seeing that he was a grandson of the Prince de Soubise, he added, "But what nonsense to talk this way in a Republic." Which can be read in two different ways. But he made amends for this rather double-edged compliment in another letter in which he wrote, "We are living in a Republic: here a Baron is not a farthing more value than Master Jacob or Mr. John is."

And he could joke in the rather ponderous eighteenth-century manner. On being introduced to a Miss Sheaf, he said, "I am very happy in the honour of being presented to you, Mademoiselle, though I perceive I am running a great risk. From my youth up I have been enjoined to avoid mischief, but I had no idea until now

BARON VON STEUBEN

From the painting by Earle, by permission of Mr. Joseph Beatty Doyle

that her attractions were so powerful." And, no doubt, Miss Sheaf replied, "Baron, you've said a mouthful."

At the close of the War, the State of New Jersey gave him a small farm, and that of New York gave him sixteen thousand acres of uncultivated land in Oneida County. Von Steuben gave his sword to the United States, and Congress gave him in return a sword with a gold hilt. It came cheaper than a pension, but he ultimately —after seven years — got the latter, two thousand five hundred dollars, and no pension was ever better deserved.

This good old soldier spent his declining years partly in New York and partly in his log house at Steubenville, where he lived surrounded by old cronies. He died here in November, 1798. It is very pleasant to find, in any history of the United States Army or of the Revolutionary War, that his name is not forgotten.

A MYSTERIOUS GENERAL

A MYSTERIOUS GENERAL

THE REASON why Military History, to say nothing of Naval History, is so much more interesting than ordinary history is because soldiers, sailors, and the "giddy herumphrodites" or Royal Marines are so much more interesting than politicians. As a popular song used to put it, "Every Nice Girl loves a Sailor" or it may be a Soldier, or one of His Majesty's Jollies, but nobody has ever been so misguided and lost to all sense of what is fitting and natural as to warble "Every Nice Girl loves one of His Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State", because, quite apart from questions of scansion, they don't. And the most interesting people in Military History are the Soldiers of Fortune, though often, indeed, at the end of their careers they prove to be Soldiers of Misfortune. There is, generally, something rather mysterious about them. They flit across the gorgeous background of "horrid wars" in a constant succession of brilliant, but always different, uniforms: they are never quite sure in whose service they will be, in, say, five months' time. To compare great things with small, they bear an affinity to those mysterious folk of modern times, Company Promoters. These, so one understands, have sometimes a passion — it sounds rather a depraved appetite — for Oil, and when they have sucked out of Oil whatever nutriment there may be in it, will turn their attention to Rubber, or Beef Extract, or Anglo-Bengalee In-

surance Companies, or Diamondiferous Deserts, or South Sea Bubbles, or whatever may seem to promise something for nothing.

"Romance brings up the 9.15." Romance tempts Mr. Throgmorton Street to float a company, which, alas! sometimes sinks (though Mr. T. S. generally has a life buoy handy), in the Baratarian Pearl Fisheries or whatever it may be, and it was Romance which has in the past urged many a youngster to enter on the life of a Soldier of Fortune.

The delightful eighteenth century, the so-called Age of Reason, when everybody acted in such a pleasantly unreasonable manner, was the great age for Soldiers of Fortune. And of the Soldiers of Fortune of this period none had a more interesting and mysterious career than Henry Humphry Evans Lloyd. You may have guessed from his name that he was not English, Scotch, or Irish. Had he lived at an earlier period he would probably have followed the national profession of Taffyland, and have started by being "apprenticed to a pirate."

"The Lady is Movable," so they sing to a merry tune in Italian opera, but few ladies can have been so movable — on second thoughts perhaps "fickle" is a better rendering of *mobile* — than this engaging Welshman. His career is kaleidoscopic. He was born in 1720, the son, just as all the old Gaiety chorus used to be the daughters, "of a clergyman."[1] What little we know about him is chiefly supplied by his friend, John Drummond, or Lord

[1] Mr. S. M. Ellis in that delightful book "a Mid-Victorian Pepys" tells us that in this the chorus followed the precedent of "Agnes Willoughby", a *demi-mondaine* of 1862, who claimed a similar parentage and set the fashion.

John Drummond, to give him the title that all true Jacobites will approve. When little over twenty, Lloyd, having wearied of life in a lawyer's office, went to France, hoping to obtain a commission in the French Army. Disappointed in this, he became — it seems an odd alternative — "Lay Brother in some religious house." Drummond, then an officer of the Royal *Ecossais* Regiment, made friends with him and Lloyd, bored by religion as he had been by the law, fought at Fontenoy on the French side. His sketches of the battlefield attracted the attention of the French engineers, and he accompanied the Army with the singular appointment of "Mounted Draughtsman." Prince Charlie gave him a Captain's commission and he is stated to have been, in 1745, on board the *Elizabeth* and to have been severely wounded in her action with the *Lion*. His name is not mentioned — probably he was not important enough — in the list of the Prince's followers given in the Chevalier de Johnstone's *Memoirs* of the '45. He followed the Prince to Carlisle and was sent thence on a mysterious mission to Wales. Here he "re-assumed the character of a priest" and, keeping a weather eye on the lookout for the expected French fleet, he reconnoitred the coast from Milford Haven to the Port of London, taking notes all the way. When he reached London he was, not unnaturally, arrested on suspicion and "put in the custody of a King's Messenger in Jermyn Street." Drummond, who appears to have had influence,[1] managed to smuggle him back

[1] If you had influence you could then, as now, do almost anything. Horace Walpole writing in April, 1746, says "Mr. Radcliffe who has been so long in the Tower and supposed the Pretender's youngest son, is not only suffered to return to France, but was entertained at a great

to France, and he next bobs up at the Siege of Bergen-op-Zoom in 1747 when, as a reward for his services as an engineer, he was made, by Marshal Lowendahl,[1] Major in the French service. This chameleon then entered the Prussian service under the patronage of Keith,[2] but in 1754 he reappears in France as a Lieutenant-Colonel and was sent by Belleisle, then Minister of War, on a secret mission to England, with five louis a day pay, to report on the prospects of an invasion of the south coast. "Having nothing of a military look he went where he pleased as a trader or rider." He reported unfavourably to the French authorities and — perhaps as a reward — when in later years Drummond paid a visit to London, he found this amazing creature, "having made his peace in England," in receipt of a pension of £500 a year from the British Government. In the Seven Years' War he served in the Quartermaster-General's Department of the Austrian Army under Count Lacy and reached the rank of Major-General. He says that in the campaign of 1760 he was "intrusted with the command of a con-

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dinner by the Duke of Richmond as a relation." "Horry" also thought that the Young Pretender was allowed to escape.

[1] Another soldier of fortune. A natural son of Frederick III, King of Denmark, he had distinguished himself in the Austrian, Russian and Polish Armies before he served under Marshal Saxe, who, by the way, was another royal byblow. In these days Continental Monarchs did not lead idle lives. One of the landgraves of Hesse-Cassel was the father of ninety-four children, natural and unnatural. Hard lines not making his century. For the royal record, which I believe still holds good (see note on p. 150).

[2] *i.e.*, James Keith, who, like Lloyd, served any King. Flying from Scotland after the '15, he was in the Spanish and Russian Armies before he entered that of Prussia, in which he rose to be Field-Marshal.

siderable detachment of infantry and cavalry, with orders never to lose sight of the Prussian Army, which he punctually complied with, and was never unfortunate." But, in order, one supposes, to be perfectly fair, he transferred his services to the opposite side and fought under Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick. Next he thought he would try Muscovy, and he distinguished himself in the Russian Army at the Siege of Silistria, and he became a General in this service also. The Empress, however, refused him the Order of St. Anne, "owing to his plebeian birth," so he left her service in disgust, wandered about Italy and Spain and, being in the neighbourhood, paid a visit to Eliott at Gibraltar, just before the Great Siege. He died in Belgium in 1783. On his death an English agent carried off all his private papers on a plea of debt. This gives one the clue to the greater part of his career. He was, it is pretty evident, a British, as well as a French, Secret Service Agent, a *double espion* in fact. This, no doubt, was the reason why he was never in the English Army: had he worn a British uniform he would have been in danger of sharing the gallant André's fate. He married a sister of that enthusiastic Jacobite, the Chevalier de Johnstone, mentioned above, and his son Hannibal Evans Lloyd, who died in 1847, was, *inter alia*, a friend of that rather dreary German poet, Klopstock[1] (what a name for a poet!), a clerk in the Foreign Office, and a voluminous and very excellent translator from the German.

A contemporary Frenchman said of Lloyd: "If he had led the British Troops against Washington, England

[1] Whom Coleridge always called "Clubstick."

would still be in possession of her North American Colonies." Which is high praise. A modern Swedish writer, General Tingsten, calls him The Father of the Writers on Strategy. Which also is high praise. His writings are almost as remarkable as his career. Let us take the least important first. This was "A Political and Military Rhapsody on the Invasion and Defence of Great Britain and Ireland." It was first printed in 1779, and immediately "lucrative overtures were made to him to suppress it and to part with the remainder of the impression." Some people — the Opposition probably — thought that the British Government bought it up because it might have damaged "those to whom the defence of the nation was entrusted and by whom it was shamefully neglected"; but the anonymous editor of the later editions says that "France was infinitely more interested in its suppression, because it unfolded secret stratagems and plans of her Cabinet, in the maturing of which she spent many years and expended large sums." So France, which had paid the General handsomely for drawing up the Report, had to pay him again — perhaps the General regarded it as a kind of "wee doch and doris" — to burke it. A remarkable instance of the workings of *perfide Albion.* In any case the first edition was suppressed, and London booksellers were "repeatedly offered ten guineas for a single copy." On the General's death "a manuscript copy was purchased for a British Minister of State at the price of one hundred guineas." An unscrupulous London publisher (do such monsters exist nowadays?) actually brought out "a spurious imposition." The work is largely a Military Geography of England. Lloyd goes

into minute detail, for example: "Mr. Parker's garden at Mount Edgecumbe" is mentioned as an important strategic position. The roads from Plymouth, where he assumes a French landing eastwards, are minutely described and he points out, like Sir Charles Callwell in his "Tactics of Home Defence", the extraordinary difficulties an enemy would find "in the western country, which is not only very hilly but also for the most part full of inclosures" and admirably suited, therefore, for defence. He gives tables of distances of the military roads from Plymouth, Portsmouth and Dover respectively to London, a list of seaport towns and villages along the Channel coast, the principal projecting headlands, and the distances between ports in France, Flanders and Holland to ports in Ireland and Great Britain. A special chapter is devoted to the difficulties a French Army would encounter in advancing from Exeter to London. Indeed he plays a kind of war game. "My Army is at Exeter and has all its magazines there. I have only thirty thousand men," and he proceeds to thrash this out quite in the approved fashion. Next he puts himself into a British skin. "I say there are two hundred thousand men in England who have borne arms. I will put the half on horseback, and the other half remains on foot; mix them as circumstances may require. Then I place fifty thousand men in Surrey and Sussex and as many in Essex who act on the enemy's line which on that supposition must go towards the Downs, there being no other place in which his fleet can anchor. I ask any officer, any man of sense, what will become of the enemy's Army on Blackheath or in any other given point sixty or seventy miles from the coast?

It must perish, for no Army can subsist on a line of such length as is that from France to Blackheath."

This is a much more pleasant conclusion than that in that tedious tale, Chesney's "Battle of Dorking." Lloyd next turns to the Continent and points out how futile and ridiculous were the diversions, that is to say, the expeditions, which in the eighteenth century we were constantly directing against the northern coasts of France; and, incidentally, he gives an excellent account of the western frontier of France. The book also includes a very well-designed plate showing the "General Face of the Country (Inclosed and Mountainous) on the Western Roads, chiefly between Plymouth and Exeter."

But Lloyd's chief claim to renown as a military writer rests on his "History of the Late War in Germany, between the King of Prussia and the Empress of Germany and her Allies." He was as eccentric and mysterious as ever in the get-up of his book. The first volume was dedicated to "His Most Serene Highness the Hereditary Prince of Brunswic." The second volume (which he calls Part II) is dedicated to "His Royal Highness George Augustus Frederick Prince of Wales" (son-in-law, by the way, of dedicatee Number one), and the third volume (which he calls Vol. 2) is dedicated to "Frederick Duke of York and Albany." *Semper fidelis* was no motto of this volatile Welshman. His preface is good reading, for he says what he thinks. He alludes to contemporary military authors as being "chiefly men of learning only, and utterly unacquainted with the nature of military operations, who have given us, indeed, agreeable but useless productions." The truth of course is that at this date

very few British officers, indeed, wrote anything beyond jotting down bets in their betting books. They read nothing; there was nothing for them to read. Lloyd is sternly against anything Prussian. Military administrators "have with great care and diligence, even with a degree of madness, introduced the Prussian exercise into all the troops of Europe; nothing but Prussian will go down. Short cloaths, little hats, tight breeches, high-heeled shoes and an infinite number of useless motions[1] have been introduced without any other reason than their being Prussian. Was not much the same mistake made after 1870? He returns again and again to the tightness and discomfort of the soldier's uniform — it took a very long time to alter this. He was also many years ahead of his age in recommending "a total abolishment of buying and selling commissions." Purchase was not abolished until 1871, and it was with great difficulty that Queen Victoria was persuaded to agree to it. Lloyd was very sound also upon what was later called Military Geography. He points out that geography to a soldier should mean local as well as general knowledge. For example, he should know "the spring, course, breadth, depth, velocity, windings, banks, fords and bridges of rivers and whether they are navigable or not." Perhaps he goes too far when he says that if you are thoroughly acquainted with a theatre of war "you may reduce military operation to geometric preciseness and may for ever make war without being obliged to fight." This sounds rather Gilbertian, but here Lloyd is following his old Master, Saxe, who said: "Battles are

[1] Apart from the third item — at least so I assume, I have never looked into the matter — this sounds very like a modern and modish (1925) miss strolling or rather twitching her way along Bond Street.

the resources of ignorant Generals: when they do not know what to do, they give battle." In view of his early experiences his allusion to "the poor Highlanders who will live where an Englishman, though animated with equal courage, will perish," is decidedly interesting.

His first volume deals with the campaigns of 1756–1757, and criticizes the Great Frederick pretty severely; his third with those of 1758–1759; but it is the intervening volume which is the most readable. In this he lets himself go. To give one example of his plain speaking, listen to him on Contractors. "I object to Contractors for the following reasons: (1) They make immense fortunes at the expense of the State, which ought to be saved; (2) They destroy the army, horse and foot and even the hospitals, by furnishing the worst of everything." Did not something very much like this happen during the late war in our Ally's country, Cloud Cuckoo Land? And *mutato nomine de te?* Perhaps, perhaps not. Where Lloyd is particularly pleasing is where he writes on the "Philosophy of War." He discourses "Of the General", telling us exactly what the ideal commander should be like, and in his section "Of the Passions" remarks sagely "mathematics do not tend to gratify the senses." And yet one might argue in a Pickwickian manner that mathematics are largely concerned with figures. By the shade of Donna Christina Fizzgig, "splendid creature," what will these philosophical writers say next?

Our author has some shrewd remarks on Religion. "No religion offers more powerful motives to action than the Mahometan. It promises rewards analogous to the nature and inclination of men, and pleasures in the

next world infinite in intensity, variety and duration, embellished with every beauty which a heated imagination can bestow on them." "And," as I think the Scholiast so often remarks, "very nice too." He also writes (what a General!) "Of Women and their Influence on the Human Heart,"[1] and says rather unkindly of Married Men of High Rank that "they recur to foreign aid (if I may so call it) for pleasure." From women he turns to music, and mentions with approval "the abilities of Mr. Harris of Salisbury." Who, I wonder, was he? Was there ever "any sich person?"[2] This book when it came out made quite a sensation. George Washington procured a copy; Napoleon later on read it carefully and criticized it in his correspondence; it was translated into French at the *Dépôt de la Guerre;* and into German by a General Tempelhoff, who was much annoyed by Lloyd's animadversions upon the Great Frederick, and answers them with some asperity. The famous Jomini who, although a Swiss, had as great an influence on the French school of strategy as dreary old Clausewitz had on the German, makes much use of the book, though he

[1] This is as though Hamley who, in addition to the "Operations of War", wrote a delightful novel called "Lady Lee's Widowhood" had included in the former work a chapter on "The Minor Tactics of Widows."

[2] Since writing the above I have learnt that he really did exist. He was James Harris (1700–1780), father of the first Earl of Malmesbury. He was known as "Hermes Harris" from his work "Hermes on a Philosophical Inquiry Concerning Universal Grammar." He was a friend of the Thrales, and Doctor Johnson denounced him as a "prig and a bad prig." His son brought poor Caroline of Brunswick to England to be the bride of the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV. On seeing her for the first time the "First Gentleman in Europe" made his historic remark, "Harris, I am not well, pray get me a glass of brandy."

is sometimes rather puzzled by what he aptly calls his "*bizarreries singulières*", which, by the way, is an admirable description of his whole life. The Royal Marines will be interested to learn that one of Lloyd's singularities was that he thought the British Army, Great Britain being a maritime country, should consist mainly of marines; musicians too will note with approval that he held that "there can be no compact body of troops without music."

But with all his odd fantastic notions — and he is no more fantastic than Marshal Saxe — I doubt if, with the possible exception of one other famous soldier, there has ever been a Welshman, look you, so well versed in "the auncient wars and the discipline of the pristine wars of the Romans" as Lloyd. Had an even more celebrated Welshman possessed the military knowledge of this mysterious General, all soldiers will agree that a certain war would have been won, whateffer, very much sooner than it was.

JOHN SHIPP

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THE European war broke most records. Never has there been a war in which so many combatants were engaged, such enormous casualties suffered, such expenditure involved, such profiteering rampant, such deeds of heroism performed, and, it is painful to have to add, such conscientious objection to killing and being killed. But the record made in the early nineteenth century by John Shipp, the feat of twice winning a commission from the ranks, still stands.

His was a remarkable career: he started absolutely from "scratch" as a poor boy, in the parish of Saxmundham, who, in 1795, was enlisted in one of the "experimental regiments", the 22d Foot. These regiments were a form of recruiting the Army which has not been repeated, although the idea underlying them seems excellent. Each regiment, so Shipp tells us, consisted of one thousand boys between the ages of ten and sixteen, who were enlisted on the condition that the parishes to which they belonged paid the expenses of their joining the recruiting depot.

Shipp served in Guernsey, the Cape, where he first went into action against the Kaffirs, and deserted for love of a Dutch girl (Sabina) for which he was sentenced to nine hundred and ninety-nine lashes, a sentence remitted by his Commanding Officer. We next find him in India, where, as Corporal, he fought against the Pindaris and

led three forlorn hopes against Bhurtpore (1805), for which he was gazetted Ensign in the 65th Regiment, and thence promoted to Lieutenant in the 76th Regiment. Returning to England in 1807 he was ordered to Wakefield on recruiting service, where he got into debt, sold his commission, immediately enlisted in the 24th Light Dragoons, and found himself again in India. In 1815 he again obtained a commission, and, as Ensign in the 87th Regiment ("The Old Foggs"), fought in the Nepal Campaign (1815–1816) under Sir David Ochterlony. He distinguished himself at the siege of Hattrass, fought again against the "Pins" (as he called them) and on the termination of the war was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant. Unfortunately in 1823 he became partner with a Major Browne in a racing stable at Cawnpore, brought charges against the Major which he was unable to justify, was court-martialled and sentenced to be discharged from His Majesty's service. The court, in consideration of his many wounds and gallantry in the field, recommended him to mercy, and he was put on the half-pay list. His wife, whom he had married in India, died at this juncture, and he returned to England in 1825. The East India Company, to whom he addressed a memorial stating his services, granted him a pension of £50 a year, on the strength of which he married again, or, as a friend of his put it, "submitted a second time to the bonds of hymen." In addition to his "Memoirs", he published "The Shepherdess of Arranville", or "Father and Daughter", described "as a pathetic tale" (which, indeed, it sounds like); and "The Maniac of the Pyrenees, or the Heroic Soldier's Wife", which, if it acted up to

the promise of its title, ought to be described as "a scream." He also issued a pamphlet on corporal punishment in the Army, dedicated to Sir Francis Burdett, which elicited from that amiable philanthropist a donation of £50. He was then appointed Inspector of Police at Stepney and, thanks to the kind offices of a friend with the pleasant name of Parlour, was promoted to be Superintendent of the Night Watch at Liverpool, where, after his experiences of Thugs in India, he found dealing with a band of local ruffians known as "Park Rangers" mere child's play. He contributed gratuitously to local papers, "tales illustrative of the manners of the Hindoos", which must have been dreary reading, for, except when he is writing about soldiers and himself, John Shipp is rather a dull dog. While Superintendent of the Night Watch (forgetting his adventure with Sabina) he frustrated an elopement, and a nautical Don Juan was, happily, compelled to board his lugger without the girl, who "the following day returned to her Aunt." In May, 1833, he was elected Governor of the Liverpool Workhouse, but did not live long to enjoy the salary of £300 a year, dying in February, 1834.

The "Memoirs of the Extraordinary Military Career of John Shipp" (first published in 1829, second edition 1830, reprinted 1840, 1843 and 1890) are an amazing production when one reflects that he had no education whatever until he joined the Army. They are, on occasion, artless to a degree; the humour in them consists largely of anecdotes of his Irish fellow soldiers, they have the sentimental strain which is to be found in so many military memoirs of this period, but the accounts

of fighting in India such as the storming of Deig, the assaults of Bhurtpore, and the hill warfare in Nepal are extraordinarily vivid.

There is an old song — Silas Wegg used to sing it to Mr. and Mrs. Boffin, with Weggish interpolations — which contains the interesting statement:

> The soldier leant upon his sword
> And wiped away a tear.[1]

John Shipp might have inspired this; he is almost as bad as that lachrymose young lady, Fleda in "Queechy." In his memoirs tears are always being furtively wiped away. When as a tiny boy he tried to enlist in the Royal Artillery (urged thereto by the strains of "Over the Hills and Far Away"), "I saw him (the Colonel) turn from me and wipe away a falling tear." One can understand "the tear stole down Sabina's cheek, she trembled and swooned"; it is perhaps natural that Captain Larkins, when he saw his old ship, the *Warren Hastings*, which had been taken by the French and, unknown to the Captain, recaptured, should have "shed a tear to the memory of his old ship", but John Shipp himself was constantly being moved to grief for no very great reason, and the natives of India are always "weeping aloud" generally while regaling him with melancholy anecdotes of their past lives, some of which are rather hard to swallow. Even the animal world is not immune. He tells a tale

[1] About 1885 when British Cavalry swords of German (Solingen) make were, owing to an unfortunate incident at Suakin, alleged to be of a somewhat flimsy nature, there was a parody of this —

> The soldier leant upon his sword
> It bent, and down he fell.

of an elephant who killed his keeper and was striken with remorse. "If I did not see the penitential tear steal down from its eyes I have never seen it in my life." But one wishes the elephant had gone the whole hog and wiped it away surreptitiously with his trunk.

His style is, at times, deplorable; he has all the affectations of his period. A sexton is "a man of skulls"; his employer, when he was a child, had "a heart as cold as the hoar-frost which often blighted his fairest prospects"; sharks are "the voracious natives of the dreary deep"; he described flowers in flowery language, "the blushing rose, calmly reposing on its downy moss, smiled that it had, when fair maidens were asleep, robbed their cheeks of all their beauty"; wine is the "Tuscan Grape", and a fat man is "of Lambertian breed." He does not mention oysters but, had he done so they would undoubtedly have been in the good old journalese, "succulent bivalves." But in a soldier's memoirs it is the matter not the manner that is important; it is a soldier's business to fight, not to write; and Shipp is full of interesting stuff from a military point of view. It is curious that his account of the "experimental regiments" is the only detailed account of them extant. He gives a lively description of the process of having his hair "tied" — "a large pad filled with sand is poked into the back of his head, round which the hair is gathered tight and tied with a leather thong." He was in advance of his time in his fervid denunciation of corporal punishment in the Army, and sums up the case against it admirably in the phrase "the moment you touch a man's back you touch the loyalty." He was also strongly opposed to duels.

His hints to young men embarking for India are delightful reading. After some very practical advice as to outfit which, it is curious to note, includes "six calico night-caps and six sleeping trousers" (apparently even at this date the supremacy of "the old-fashioned night-shirt" was threatened), he warns the young griffin or Johnny Raw against the Demon, Alcohol. "A free use of spirituous liquors drives many youths to an early tomb." But water is not much safer, "to drink cold water when in a heated state is frequently attended with sudden death." "The use of the hookah injures fifteen constitutions in twenty," moreover, it costs, so he reckons, thirty rupees a month. After recommending weak brandy and water for poor eyesight — whether to be applied externally or internally, he does not say — he pleasantly states "you will be visited with boils all over your body." "The sport of snipe shooting is frequently attended with very bad consequences. I have known several instances where an individual has drunk, in the course of one day's shooting, a whole bottle of brandy, besides copious libations of beer," which, surely, must have resulted in the individual in question seeing an alarming number of snipes. "Young men should be very cautious in attending auctions, and young ladies are but too prone in this land of luxury and idleness, to give way to that languidness which the climate promotes, and leave off all those accomplishments which tend to endear them to their husbands, and render them agreeable to society."

The soldier's eternal habit of nicknames is pleasantly exemplified at the siege of Bhurtpore, where a huge gun, a seventy-two-pounder which never did any harm, was

christened by the men "Civil Tom", just as at Ladysmith there was a "Long Tom", and in the late war, amongst others, a "Skinny Lizzy." The best humour in the book is his account of the way in which, when he told the father of the girl with whom he was in love, that he had been appointed Ensign in the 87th Regiment, his future father-in-law presented him to the family circle with the words: "Mrs. H. and children, permit me to introduce to your acquaintance, Ensign John Shipp, Esquire of the Horse Marines — I mean His Majesty's own Irish Regiment of Foot." Upon which a younger sister of his fiancée (probably called Sally, though nowadays she would have been Gladys) exclaimed, "He an Ensign? So is my cat!" "which cat she immediately paraded on the table on the two hinder extremities, calling him 'Ensign Shipp.'" This is real child human nature, and just the kind of thing that one of Doctor Primrose's little daughters might have done. Very quaint, too, are the letters Shipp quotes of the Irish soldiers, of the "Old Foggs" after the fall of Hattrass, to their Judys and their Mollys. "It was a mighty genteel sight and would have done the eyes of a blind man good, could he have seen it. Lieutenant Shipp surrounded the fort with himself and a hundred pickaxes and shovels." "We are quite fatigued doing nothing." "I wrote to you the other day, but as I did not send it, you did not remember to answer it." "I assure you if I had been kilt, you should have been informed by me. My wound is getting better, but it's a little worse this morning, but the Doctor says there is no danger as long as I live, but, should it take an unfavourable term, I may be worse before I get better."

Another interesting story of Shipp's is the tale of a Captain, who (like the Squire of Nohall, Nowhere) had been in the West Indies "where he had often for weeks lived without food, and once, for six months, had nothing to eat but Cayenne Pepper!"

But Shipp's greatest charm is not his artlessness or his simplicity, but his conviction that there is no life like a soldier's life. He admits that when he enlisted the "dregs of the metropolis" were swept to supply the Army and the Navy, and he quotes the case of a man in the East India Company's foot artillery who openly boasted that he had taken seventy-two bounties in England. He attributes the improvement in the class of men enlisted in the Army to "the late Royal Duke", *i.e.*, the Duke of York, whose merits as Commander-in-Chief, while recognized by all contemporary military writers, are, as a rule, ignored by serious historians. He also makes the interesting statement that the two best and bravest soldiers he had ever met were also the two most pious, one a Catholic, the other a Dissenter.

It is very odd that the *Asiatic Journal*, in reviewing the first edition of his memoirs, points to "the absence of very refined taste in some portions of the narrative" as evidence of its authenticity. Of the authenticity there can be no doubt, but it is impossible to see what the reviewer means by "absence of refined taste." The memoirs are, as a matter of fact, too refined; if they had the bluntness of Defoe or Smollett they would give us a far more life-like picture of the Army at this period. I have read them carefully, and hereby testify that there is nothing whatever in John Shipp calculated (as he himself

would have put it) "to call the mantling blush to the soft cheek of modest maidenhood or to evoke the shameless mirth of the hardened and unrepentant profligate." As to the "Maniac of the Pyrenees" I cannot say, not having read it, for it is as rare as a First Folio. But I can imagine what it is like: I can see Mr. Crummles in the part, I can see Mrs. Crummles as "The Heroic Soldier's Wife, with song" — "The Dashing White Sergeant" I think — pleading with him, and I can see the "real pump and two washing-tubs" converted into a mountain waterfall, with the Infant Phenomenon dancing laboriously on its brink. And I am quite certain that this Maniac must have been the politest of Pyrenean Lunatics, and, if he found it necessary in his demented and unthinking moments and for the proper development of the plot, to commit murder, he did it like a man of sentiment, and softened the harsh act with many a moral apophthegm.

THE "COMPLEAT GENERAL" OF THE ANCIENTS

THE "COMPLEAT GENERAL" OF THE ANCIENTS

IT WAS once the fashion in the illustrated magazines to produce a composite portrait of the ideal writer, artist, politician or scientist by photographing the likenesses of a number of eminent men on one plate. The result was often most displeasing, resembling a Boojum rather than a human being. You would see, for instance, the Superman of Letters represented by the Shakespearian cranium of Mr. C., the bulging brow of Mr. B., balanced behind by what at first sight seemed a huge watermelon, but which proved on investigation to be the bump of Philoprogenitiveness of Mr. X.; then would come the nose, more than faintly suggestive of the Orient, of Mr. Z.; the oyster-shell-like ear of Mr. D., the teeth, false as his characters to nature, of Mr. G.; the whole horrid countenance being fringed below by the coconut-mat beard of Mr. S.

Similarly the ancient writers on the art of war were much addicted to drawing up lists of the qualities which should go on to the making of a "compleat general." Onosander, a Greek author of the first century A.D., says:

"A general must be continent, sober, frugal, hard-working, middle-aged, eloquent, a father of a family and member of an illustrious house.[1] Soldiers do not like

[1] Napier, who wrote "The British soldier fought in the pale shade of the Aristocracy", would probably not have agreed with him. And yet he dedicated his "War in the Peninsula" to the Duke of Wellington.

being under the command of one who is not of good birth. In addition, a general should be polite, affable, easy of approach and cool-headed."

The Emperor Leo VI [1] goes into more detail.

"A general must be continent, sober, frugal, temperate, industrious, and a good man of business, cautious and prudent; he must despise money, and glory must be his sole ambition; he must be not too young and not too old; [2] and he must, when occasion arise, be eloquent. He ought also to be a father; this will make him a keener soldier for the sake of his family, and, if he has grown-up sons, he can consult them. He should be of a noble and distinguished house; no one likes to serve under an officer of humble origin. Bad-mannered generals are hateful and intolerable. He should be a father to his men, and should be pleasant and affable.[3] If your army is defeated, do not abuse your troops.[4] Scipio attached no

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In 1776 one of the chief reasons for making Colonel Washington Commander-in-Chief was that he was "a man of position."

[1] Known as "the Philosopher": so philosophical was he that "*il se plaisait à composer des Sermons au lieu de s'occuper de la défense de l'empire.*" According to Gibbon he was called the Philosopher, because he was less ignorant than his contemporaries. "*Parmi les aveugles le borgne est Roi.*"

[2] *Cf.*, as the commentators say, the lines (written by a learned Don of Cambridge) which used to be so charmingly sung by Miss Kate Cutler —

"The proper kiss for a girl, I'm told,
Is not too hot, and not too cold."

[3] But this may lead to embarrassing results. Arrian records that, on one occasion, after a speech of Alexander the Great, "the men quarrelled as to who should first embrace him."

[4] Napoleon would have added, "and if they are victorious give them the credit due to them." "I count myself," he said, "for half in the battles I have won, and it is much even to name the general in connection with a victory, for it is, after all, the army that wins it."

importance whatever to astrology or prophecies, or dreams and their divination. To sneeze is a very bad omen, but remember the General who on such an occasion, happily remarked that amongst so many people it was amazing that there was not more of it. A general should let his men see him; a few agreeable, and flattering words will inspire both officers and men. A general should be a very model of temperance, especially with regard to female captives."

That fine old fire-eater, the late General Bangs, of immoral memory, could he read this, would probably comment on the "damnable iteration" with which these ancients insist on continence as a virtue in a commander. With some hazy recollection of Lemprière and the exploits of Hercules floating in his mind he might have said, "there were giants in those days," adding thoughtfully, and perhaps (who knows?), regretfully, "they had great opportunities." And yet there are people who say that a classical education is worthless!

Vegetius, a Latin writer who flourished towards the end of the fourth century, makes an interesting addition, "A good general should know the characters of the generals opposed to him — if they are prudent or rash, if they fight according to rule or haphazard." The importance of this very interesting point appears to have first been insisted on by Polybius, whose words are:

"All men, even of moderate discernment, must acknowledge that nothing is more useful, or of greater importance, in the conduct of a general, than to examine with the nicest care, into the character and natural dis-

position of the opposite commander. A general in the field should endeavour to discover in the chief that is sent against him, whether there be any weakness in his mind and character, through which he may be attacked with some advantage; for among those who are placed at the head of armies, there are some who are so deeply immersed in sloth and indolence that they lose all attention both to the safety of their country and their own. Others are immoderately fond of wine, so that their senses always are disordered by it before they sleep. Others abandon themselves to the love of women — a passion so infatuating that those whom it has once possessed will often sacrifice even their honour and their lives to the indulgence of it."

And now, as we appear to be approaching the condition shared in common by the Old and the Young Obadiah, I should like to quote rather a long excerpt bearing more or less on this point from a curious old MS., author unknown, date uncertain, entitled "Stop! or a Word in Season and of good Cheer addressed to all Gallants who have smelled Powder elsewhere than on the Soft Cheeks of Wenches." It runs as follows:

"Whosoever, be he veld-marischal or plain captain, who taketh thought cunningly to read, as in the pages of an open book, the character and parts of the commander whom he opposeth in the tented field, may, when (blessed day!) the Gates of Janus shall be shut, look confidently to replenish, if needs be, a meagre purse, with craft and subtilty, yet with a guileless countenance as of one wearing a mask, by venturing the certain and ultimate hazard at that pastime or diversion, of origin obscure, which, like

the Indian Weed,[1] was brought amongst us to our great comfort from the plantations, where men call it Poker. Thus shall a man put more money in his purse than by writing his *Apologia pro vitâ suâ,* unless indeed he be a High Officer of State, for many men will pay much money to see such an one a-whitewashing himself. Touching this sport from the plantations and its origin, certain it is to all men of reasonable understanding that they played not Poker upon the *May Flower* that accurséd bark, accurséd not *per se* but for her cargo of sour-faced, psalm-singing, swivel-eyed, constipated Killjoys. Who, as is well known, landed on Plymouth Rock, but would that Plymouth Rock had landed on them! 'Pilgrim Fathers' quotha! And how many of 'em could point to Marriage Lines? Nor do I, in this matter, willingly subscribe myself a follower of Josephus Pantaleone in his treatise, dated from Bethlehem Hospital, *De rebus mirabilibus Novi Mundi,* in which you may read such Tragick, horrid happenings as of whole tribes of freedmen bound down by Tyrants to drink nothing but fair water, if that liquor can be called fair which but distendeth the stomach and giveth no man a heart for aught save Bootlegging, and also may you read in that book of such Awful Prodigies as a great Statue of Liberty, their *guardacosta,* laughing consumedly upon some such an occasion and crying with a loud voice that re-echoed over their city (Noo Yark) that she was 'Tickled to Death' recalling some pleasantry of the Holy Inquisition;

[1] "O thou weed
Who art so lovely fair and smell'st so sweet."
—WILL SHAKEBACON, in his pitiful play about the Jealous Blackamoor.

Josephus, I say, doth pertinaciously affirm that Poker is but a transmogrification or sublimation of 'Lubin, Come Rob thy Neighbour,' and then falls a-babbling of Cousins Jane and Prudence and how he, a green youth (the three of them wearying of Hot Cockles) did oft play this game with his cousins yet never rose a winner, e'en though he had his hose stuffed with Jacks andAces, much to his Discomfort. Indeed once, it seems, he was so ill at ease that Prudence (the saucy maid!) cried, 'Look, Harry,' which they called him as short for Josephus, 'thou hast a Royal Flush, but 'tis on thy countenance, not in thy hand: prithee, pay up and look pleasantly on me.' And then in the right Pantaleone fashion he discourseth on 'cozenage,' deriving from 'cousin' *sicut lucus a non lucendo.* For my part had not that stout and seaworthy circumnavigator Cristobal Colón," etc., etc.

Here follows a fulsome eulogy of Christopher Columbus for discovering America, apparently inspired by the deplorable fact that the bigoted, trifling and long-winded author of the MS. had recently won large sums at poker from "Young Squire Credulous, of Agmondesham, at the Apartments of Miladi Belchamber (Honest Sue) over against the Cockpit in St. James's."

To revert to more serious writers, it is pleasant to be able to quote some very wise words from an Englishman, Mathew Sutcliffe, who in his *Lawes of Armes* (1593), writes as follows:

"The principall care that a Prince or State that entreth into warres is to have, is that there be choyse made of a sufficient Generall. If Princes looke for good successe in their warres, let them without affection and par-

tialitie, make choyse of a sufficient Generall, religious, skilfull, couragious, and adorned with such vertues, both for warre and peace, as the importance of the matters which he manageth requireth. Machiavel's divinitie, that thinketh religion in men of warre foolerie, and proposeth that impious Atheist Cæsar Borgia for a patterne to a Prince that aspireth to be great to be followed was detested even of the barbarous nations. After knowledge and judgment in matters of warre, the next vertue required in a Generall is courage and speede to execute that which is wisely determined. There are also other vertues required in a Generall, which although they be not so necessarie as the former, yet for the execution of matters are very requisite and profitable, as namely justice, liberalitie, courtesie, clemencie, temperance and loyaltie. Who can look for modestie and sobrietie in the souldiers, where the captaine is given to wine, or women, and spendeth his time in riot and excesse? "

Sutcliffe also remarks most wisely, " Nothing is more hurtefull to the proceedings of warres than miserable niggardise." He is also much to the point in insisting that the General should be given a free hand.

" Whosoever for envy or feare or other cause goeth about to persuade Princes to pare their Generall's authoritie and to binde them with strait conditions, hath an evil minde himselfe, and as much as in him lyeth, ruinateth the affaires of his Prince. For what service can they doe that are not onely pinched in their provisions, but also bound by their commissions? "

He also observes, " Seeing so many vertues are required in a captaine, and so small faultes lay him open to

the enemy, it is no marvell if perfect Generalls be so rare and hard to finde."[1]

Montluc (1502–1577), nicknamed by the Protestants for his severity "*le Boucher Royaliste*", stresses the fact that secrecy is of the greatest importance, "*Mordez-vous la langue plutôt que de trop parler*," and also insists that a General should be easy of access, unlike one he knew who would shut himself up for hours on the pretext that he was writing an important dispatch, but really in order to read *Rolland le Furieux* (*Orlando Furioso*) in the original Italian.

Montaigne, the Prince of Essayists, not excepting Bacon, Lamb (and perhaps some benighted beings would add the Master of the Obvious, Doctor Frank Crane), points out the importance of the study of military history. He tells us that the favourite reading of Alexander the Great was Homer; of Scipio Africanus, Xenophon; of Marcus Brutus, Polybius; and of Charles VIII, Philippe de Commines. He adds with enthusiasm:

"*Mais le feu mareschal Strozzi qui avoit prins César pour sa part, avoit sans doubte bien mieulx choisi, car, à la vérité, ce debvroit estre le breviaire de tout homme de guerre, comme estante le vray et souverain patron de l'art militaire.*"

De Feuquières (1648–1711) puts first of the qualities that a General should possess "loyalty to his Prince." Many will remember that Field-Marshal Sir W. Robertson, in one of his addresses to the officers of the Staff College, points out that this loyalty "includes loyalty to

[1] There is not a housewife in England who, carelessly reading this conclusion, would not exclaim with a sigh, "How true!"

the statesman as well as to our military superiors." De Feuquières also mentions courage, resolution, experience, prudence, and the same old sobriety that has been mentioned so often previously.

Montecuculi (1608–1681) writes that the most necessary quality is knowledge of war acquired by experience, "*car on ne naît pas capitaine, on le devient, non par les livres, mais en campagne.*"[1]

Folard (1669–1752), known as the French Vegetius, appears to be the first author to write in detail on that elusive quality *coup d'œil*. This is a difficult word to translate. As a distinguished traveller said of "the word poltic", it "surprises in himself." Freytag-Loringhoven translates it as "*Entschlossenheit und Geistesgegenwart.*" It may be so; no doubt it is insular prejudice which makes one wish it meant something sounding less like opening a soda-water bottle. Folard on this quality is worth quoting at length:

"*Le coup d'œil est un don de Dieu et ne s'acquiert pas; mais si la science ne le perfectionne, on ne voit les choses qu'imparfaitement et dans le nuage,*[2] *ce qui ne suffit pas dans les affaires, où il importe si fort d'avoir l'œil serein. La lenteur du coup d'œil est dangereuse dans une affaire embarquée. Il faut que la réflexion qui naît de la vue de l'objet soit tout aussitôt suivie de l'exécution, et que celle-ci aille aussi vite que le coup d'œil. Encore une fois reconnaître un champ de bataille, en saisir au premier instant les avantages et les défauts, c'est une grande qualité dans un général.*"

[1] But remember "*le mulet du Prince Eugène, pour avoir assisté à plus de trente engagements, n'en était pourtant pas plus fort en art militaire.*"

[2] An early example of the phrase "Fog of War."

Coup d'œil, in fact, seems to resemble the faculty a good physician possesses of rapidly diagnosing, knowing the remedy and instantly making use of it.

It is impossible not to admire (although he once set out to invade England) that high-spirited *bâtard de Roi* Marshal Saxe.[1] He certainly did not possess one of the qualities on which the ancients insist. To wrap it up pleasantly, in the quaint language of the turf he would have "started at 100 to 1, and no takers, for the Continence Gold Cup." His career was a romance; there is none more interesting in military history, save, perhaps, that of Suvorof, which indeed is like a tale by Hoffman performed by the Russian Ballet. The Marshal puts, as he naturally would, courage at the head of the qualities the ideal General should possess. Then come the power of rapid decision and the ability to read his opponent's mind while remaining a sealed book to him. He makes one interesting observation: "*J'ai vu de fort bons colonels devenir de très-mauvais généraux.*" There must have been, in past military history, many Generals who in their secret heart of hearts would have admitted that this exactly applied to — many of their fellows.[2]

To turn to an Englishman, there is much to the point by Henry Lloyd, the "mysterious general" to whom we

[1] Son of Augustus the Strong and Aurora von Königsmarck, sister of the ill-fated lover of Princess Sophia Dorothea; he "disappeared" in very tragic fashion. Saxe was christened Maurice at his father's wish, "in memory of the victory I gained over his mother at the Castle of Moritzburg." George Sand was a great-granddaughter of the Marshal. His father was well-called the Strong: he had 353 illegitimate children.

[2] Pompey, for example, whose character Mommsen pithily and epigrammatically sums up. "He was neither a bad man nor an incapable man, but a man thoroughly ordinary, created by nature to be a good sergeant, called by circumstances to be a general and a statesman."

have already devoted a chapter. According to him a General's conduct must be irreproachable, and free from all kind of vice and even of any remarkable weakness either of body or mind. If he is given to women, gaming or debauchery his example will be followed and a general dissipation will ensue. A sullen, sulky and morose temper is totally unfit for any command, it will soon produce an universal hatred, [just] as levity, affectation of wisdom expressed by nods of the head,[1] or other such grimaces expose him to contempt and derision. Above all things a General must avoid warm, harsh and intemperate expressions, or any word or motion which savour of insolence or contempt, which generally give greater offence than the most severe treatment." [2]

The Marquis de Quincy, an eighteenth-century soldier and writer, makes a somewhat similar remark to that of Marshal Saxe quoted above: "*on voit si peu d'habiles généraux quoiqu'on trouve un si grand nombre de vaillans capitaines.*" His ideal General must possess "*une fermeté inébranlable*", he should be disinterested, honest, polite, affable, easy to approach and, when necessary, stern to a degree. In addition to the "*coup d'œil bon et juste*" he must be "deeply versed in history, geography and mathematics." This last, war being an art as well as

[1] The *locus classicus* for this is, of course, the shake of Burleigh's head which "gave you to understand that even though they had more justice in their cause and wisdom in their measures, yet, if there was not a greater spirit shown on the part of the people, the country would at last fall a sacrifice to the hostile ambition of the Spanish monarchy." Would that we could often read in Hansard, "Here the honourable gentleman shook his head."

[2] Two notable instances of this are Picton for good, old-fashioned hard swearing, and Craufurd for bitter sarcasm. A less distinguished individual, Mr. Chucks, R.N., was a combination of the two.

a science, may perhaps on occasion be carried too far. It was said of H. D. von Bülow, author of "*Geist des neuern Kriegssystems*" (1799), that he considered strategy to consist mainly of angles and straight lines. Von Bülow was one of three brothers, of one of whom he remarked, "William is the least gifted of us three — but he is by far the wisest officer in the Prussian Army."

As we approach modern times the burden of a complete General's knowledge gets heavier and heavier. After reading "Des connaissances nécessaires à un général en chef d'armée" (1780), by General Comte de Lacuée Cessac, one can only exclaim with Goldsmith —

> Still the wonder grew
> That one small head could carry all he knew.

The list is almost as long as the catalogue of the duties performed by Mr. Polly at the Potwell Inn. The gallant Count's General must have at his fingers' ends Thucydides, Polybius, Xenophon, Vegetius, Leo the Philosopher, Frontinus, Polyænus[1] and Cæsar; he must know geography (and, from the details given, the author means military geography, which is interesting, as the term had not then been invented); he must be an accomplished linguist; international law should be, as expressively put, his middle name; he must be well coached in the constitutional and civil law of all important countries; and he must be capable of lying for his country as an ambassador as well as of fighting for it as a soldier. Jomini does not take this view. The first qualities necessary in a General,

[1] Whose "Strategematum libri octo" is a most entertaining work.

according to him, are character, moral courage, cool-headedness and physical courage. "*Le savoir n'apparaît qu'en troisième ligne.*"

Napoleon insists on mathematics and the study of military history: his "*lisez, relisez,*" etc., is so well known that it is not necessary to quote it. It will be remembered that he had a very high opinion of Marlborough, but Wellington was, in his eyes, "*un homme borné.*"[1] But the most interesting item in Napoleon's list is something that a General ought not to possess, "*un général ne doit jamais se faire de tableaux, c'est le pire de tout.*" He returns to this repeatedly. A general must be cool-headed, must never be over-impressed by good news, or "rattled" by bad: "*il est des hommes qui, par leur constitution physique et morale, se font de toute chose un tableau.*" In this connection it is interesting to note that Colonel Niemann, writing of July, 1918, says, "*die impulsive Art des Kaisers dazu neigte, zeitweise Erfolge zu hoch einzuschätzen, Misserfolge schwerer zu nehmen als sie tatsächlich waren.*" (By the way, what a ghastly Commander-in-Chief Hamlet would have been!) And yet, on the other hand, imagination (which, however, cannot be acquired by study) must, surely, on occasion, be a useful quality for a soldier. As a matter of fact, I cannot think of any General in history who has been a poet, though some have written verse. And with regard to "tableaux", did not the Great Duke say, "I have been passing my life in guessing what I might meet with beyond the next hill, or round the next corner"?

[1] The Duke was more generous, "Napoleon was the first man of his day on a field of battle, and with French troops."

Having considered ancient Generals in the abstract, it might perhaps be interesting to take two soldiers famous in history and make a brief survey of them. Let us first take Hannibal, whose military exploits to many people are probably chiefly associated with vinegar and elephants. The first remarkable thing about him is that he was a young man, only twenty-nine, when called on to take the place of Hasdrubal. Vigorous, athletic, hardy, "ever foremost in the charge and the last to leave the field after the battle" (unlike a certain "unaffected, undetected, well-connected nobleman"), he was also a master of stratagem and ruse and a careful student of the character of the enemy. He had spies in Rome itself, and "was frequently seen" — but not, we trust, recognized — "wearing disguises and false hair in order to procure information." Happy the modern generalissimo who can leave such beaverings to his D.M.I. His history has been written, mainly by enemies, but Livy speaks with enthusiasm of him as a soldier, though he qualifies it by attributing to him "more than Carthaginian treachery, no respect for truth or honour, no fear of the gods, no regard for the sanctity of oaths, no sense of religion."[1] Indeed, he seems to convey a general sort of impression that Hannibal was "no gentleman." This bitterness is probably due to the fact that nobody likes being made a fool of, and Hannibal fooled the Romans many a time by guile

[1] Unlike the pious historian who will complacently and chattily set down such items as "In Picenum it rained stones", which necessitated an extraordinary expiation. Does one not expect to read next "For pictures see back page?" And what in the world would the expiation have been if it had rained cats and dogs at Picenum? The leaves of the Sibylline books would probably have been torn to bits in anxiety to find out what was "*comme il faut*" on such an occasion.

and ambush. His mainspring was patriotism, yet he could not make use of this in addressing his troops to whom, of so varied origin were they, the word meant nothing. He has been blamed by many, Napoleon included, for not marching on Rome after Cannæ. Maharbal in command of the cavalry, in the true cavalry spirit, strongly urged this course: on Hannibal replying that the affair required time for consideration, the cavalryman went so far as to say, "You, Hannibal, know how to acquire victory, but you know not how to use it." Nice words to one's superior officer! We wonder Hannibal did not reply to Maharbal, "You, Maharbal, will get what is coming to you, and then some," to quote — is it a chorus in a Greek play or is it the Movies? Perhaps the chief reason why he did not advance on Rome was that his genius was for open warfare rather than for siege operations. In considering Hannibal's career we must always remember that if ever there was a General badly served by the authorities at home it was Hannibal. As General Canonge well puts it, "*Annibal a eu deux ennemies: Rome et Carthage.*" Napoleon called him "*le plus audacieux de tous, le plus étonnant peut être, si hardi, si sûr, si large en toutes choses,*" while Wellington's verdict was "by many degrees the greatest soldier on record."

Julius Cæsar's character was very different. Of noble birth, an athlete, a master of horsemanship, an excellent swimmer, he was also in youth a writer of light verse and a decided dandy. I can find no trace of it in history, but I like to think that his friends called him Gilbertus Philbertus. He could get into debt like the noblest of them all. Napoleon, who had the greatest admiration for

him, condemns his early career as "*une jeunesse oisive et des plus vicieuses.*" The serious Mommsen says of him, "he appeared among all victories to value most those won over beautiful women." He was curiously modern in some respects. Like any city prince of high finance or modern feuilleton writer, he would dictate to several scribes at the same time, and his private secretary, Balbus (not our edifying old friend of the Latin grammar), was rarely out of his sight. He was, says Plutarch, "the first to communicate his thoughts by letters to his friends, though both parties were in Rome"; an old commentator on Plutarch makes the delightful note, "Here we discover the rudiments of the Two-Penny post."

Unlike Hannibal, he was over forty before he became Commander-in-Chief. His men, when he addressed them, were "Fellow-soldiers", not "Soldiers", and he would not be deterred from any enterprise by unfavourable auguries. He has been the subject of more eulogies than any General who ever lived.[1] Montaigne's praise has been quoted above. "*Nommer César c'est nommer le génie de la guerre,*" wrote Turpin de Crissé (1785); Napoleon's opinion of him was "*un homme à la fois d'un grand génie et d'une grande audace.*" Soliman II had his "Commentaries" translated into Turkish and read them daily like any schoolboy, but, I trust, with more pleasure. He had one great advantage over Hannibal — he wrote his own history. It is true his veracity has been called in question. A pedantic German, Tobias Wagner (early

[1] It is true that Mr. Wells is very stern with Julius Cæsar. But sometimes I am tempted to think that "The Outline of History" was written, not by Mr. Wells, but by Mr. Chester Coote, who would certainty have pronounced Julius Cæsar to be "not quite naice."

eighteenth century), picking out a minute point in the "Commentaries" wrote, "Either his memory betrayed him or he would not tell the truth." It is a wonder that the egregious Tobias did not comment on the fact that Cæsar preferred the company of "Fat, sleek-headed men and such as sleep o'nights", and then draw up a "*Zusammenfassender Verzeichnis*" of lean and hungry men of the period who were quite as "*vertrauenswürdig*" as their stouter contemporaries. How much pleasanter is the comment of the Prince de Ligne, who, while admitting that "*César mentoit un peu,*" added, "*il est sûr qu'il y a des choses bien étonnantes mais il y en a de si vraies et si incroyables, que j'ai envie de croire tout également.*" *Credo quia impossibile.*

Whichever may have been the greater General, Hannibal or Cæsar (and surely Hannibal had the harder task), there is no doubt that the world owes a deeper debt of gratitude to Hannibal. Was it not on Cannæ that the great chamber strategist, Von Schlieffen, based the famous plan of campaign which the second Moltke, *magni nominis umbra,* failed to carry out? Without Cannæ there might have been no Marne. With reference to this latter battle it is odd, seeing that Germany claims Shakespeare [1] as her own son, that in not one of their numerous books upon the Marne can one find the apposite quotation:

> Does he feel his title
> Hang loose about him like a giant's robe
> Upon a dwarfish Chief?

[1] One can forgive much of the turgid and nebulous bosh written about Shakespeare in Germany when one remembers the story of the learned Herr Doktor who came to the amazing conclusion that the mysterious Mr. W. H. of the Sonnets was — Mr. William Himself!

Before taking leave of Hannibal and Cæsar I would suggest that probably soon after May, 1821, it was definitely settled in the Elysian Fields who were the three greatest soldiers in history. It does not seem likely that the Great War of recent date will cause any alteration in the placings.

One might point out that where the Compleat General is concerned physiognomy means little or nothing. There are some professions which seem to have a kind of sealed-pattern face which all members of them must attain if they would be eminent. Even "my dear Watson" could detect the celebrated actor not by his astrachan-trimmed overcoat (slightly worn at the right elbow from leaning on, well, let us say, mantelpieces), but by his Crummles-like countenance; in the purlieus of Gray's Inn you may see what is technically known as "the legal mug", which must cause shudders in young Mr. Briefless, who has just eaten his dinner, when he reflects that he must look like this before he ascends the Bench or the Woolsack; you shall identify the Eminent Divine not by some strange fashion of hat or gaiters, but rather by a bland benignity or wrinkled asceticism of face; but it is not so with the Higher Command of the past. Wolfe had no chin; Frederick the Great is best described in the tongue, but not the words, of Longfellow, as "an old grouch"; Seydlitz, that dashing cavalry leader (whose name, however, seems to suggest a powder other than villainous saltpetre) was, according to one of his portraits, the very type of a prim and elderly maiden aunt, one might even say a plus-four maiden aunt; Bernadotte resembled a pirate king; Grouchy, "a horseman by nature and a cav-

alry soldier by instinct," had a great look of the late Dan Leno; there are some portraits of "that good grey head" which show "an unforgiving eye and a damned disinheriting countenance"; his Lieutenants all looked, what they were, English [1] gentlemen, with the possible exception of Beresford, whose face seems to suggest a bewildered potato; St. Arnaud could have played a very important (and sinister) part in "Faust" without any make-up; Marshal Saxe looks like an aristocratic Squire Western; Meade overheard one of his men describe him as "a damned old goggle-eyed snapping turtle." Count Fosco, that mouse-loving scoundrel, had a great look of Napoleon; and there is a very distinguished living Orientalist who is extremely like — in face, not, of course, in character — Count Fosco. So it is of no avail to try to look like some distinguished soldier of the past; there is, however, consolation in the words of Mr. Bronson of Cohoes who asseverated that he "looked like what Napoleon would have looked like if Napoleon hadn't looked like the way he did look like."

But it is not for a civilian, and a bookworm [2] at that, to tender suggestions to young officers as to how they should develop from the chrysalis state of Captain to the full glory of a Compleat General. (In this chrysalis connection one would like to ask, why should the Senior Service alone be honoured, as it is, in the world of

[1] I use the word "English" advisedly: "British gentlemen" is so horribly like some cheap tailor's advertisement. Lord Wolseley, by the way, made the interesting statement "Nearly all his [Wellington's] generals were duffers."

[2] By latest advices, this word is now pleasantly elaborated into "woolly-whiskered book-louse."

Lepidoptera? If this has its Red Admirals, so often to be seen in the immediate vicinity of Painted Ladies, why should it not also have, say, its "Bright Brigadiers", or its "Gay Generals?" The present nomenclature seems based on favouritism.)

But, to continue, for a civilian to proffer advice of this kind would be as though a middle-aged maiden lady, Miss Priscilla Prim, of Honeysuckle Cottage, Muckbury Magna, were to advertise in the sporting Press that she was the possessor of a sure "pinch" for the Derby: "fear nothing," in the brave if ungrammatical words of those eloquent men, the tipsters; "help yourselves, and when * * * rolls home an easy winner, act honourable to Little Priscy."

Still, even a "Worm, Book" may be allowed to have opinions and to hazard a conjecture. It is not, of course, possible for any one individual to combine all the excellent qualities of Generals famous in history as "Rosalind of many parts" possessed —

> Helen's cheek, but not her heart,
> Cleopatra's majesty,
> Atalanta's better part,
> Sad Lucretia's modesty —

but supposing, now, it were possible to unite in one military mind the fine character of Wordsworth's "Happy Warrior" and the ripe learning of Major-General Stanley! . . .

MAXIMS: MORAL AND IMMORAL

MAXIMS: MORAL AND IMMORAL

IT IS safe to assert that Maxims — that is to say, apophthegms, not machine guns — will never go out of fashion. Those interesting little collections of maxims called Etiquette Books which explain to the Kippses of this world the silent method of drinking soup and the right number of cards to be left on a widow with eight daughters, including one set of twins, and six Pekinese, have always enjoyed an enormous sale. Their counsel is sometimes equivocal, as in the case of a volume of this kind recently published which contained the amazing statement, "A gentleman *invariably* follows a lady upstairs," which surely is, on occasion, likely to lead to embarrassment. Good manners, however, cannot be taught by maxims: so many cases must arise for which no maxim is provided. For example, the classic story told some forty years or so ago of a foreign officer from Barataria or Ruritania — it matters not which — who, dining at the mess of a British regiment and having ice proffered to him by a mess waiter, and not knowing for what purpose, took a chunk, and, it being no doubt a hot night in every sense of the word, thrust it down the back of his neck. Surely the Colonel and officers, who all followed suit lest their guest should be discomposed, never did anything more heroic in their lives. But no book of etiquette could ever have foreseen such a contingency.

Naval and military maxims, so far as they refer to purely technical matters, soon, of course, get out of date. Advice as to drawing the bow (always excepting the long bow), the correct way of trailing a pike, of taming a refractory spontoon, or of splicing a main brace — none of these have any interest for the modern generation. But the mentors of the past often give counsel and hints of a moral nature which, I think, are still of value. Drill and tactics may change from generation to generation, but human nature, like strategy, remains very much the same. To put it sentimentally, uniforms may alter (especially when the authorities who deal with their design have not much else to do), but the same heart beats beneath, whether it be coat of mail or tunic. So perhaps these Voices from the Past, though they may not now, as they probably did when first they were printed, cause the Tear of Sensibility to start from the Eye of Naval and Military Adolescence, and the Blush of Conscious Shame to mantle upon its Blooming Cheek, yet perhaps they may still be of interest whether you be sailor, soldier, airman, or — and many apologies for not mentioning you before — "a kind of a giddy herumphrodite."

"The Cadet" by an officer, published in 1756, has a chapter on the "Behaviour of Officers in Private Life", in which it is lamented that many of them "pass their time with indifferent Company at the Coffee-House or Billiard-Table," instead of in study. We are even told "the greatest Generals ow'd their high Renown not so much to Atchievements perform'd in War, as to their intimate acquaintance with the Muses" — a dark saying, unless by "Muses" the writer means "Ladies, whose

bright eyes, Rain influence." The Subaltern is urged to be "Modest without Bashfulness, frank and affable without Impertinence, and cheerful without Noise." Above all must he avoid Debauchery, for "of what Employment is the Debauchee capable?" Other things to be shunned are "Excessive Drinking which may cause an Uproar or Tumult", and "that infamous, destructive, modish *Vice of Gaming*." As to demeanour he should be careful not to show a "Waspish and Quarrelsome Disposition" and should refrain from "telling Stories not always consistent with the Truth." Moreover he should keep a journal because, were every officer to do so, "they would not give us such lame accounts of the Campaigns, nor should we be indebted to the false Descriptions of paltry News-writers." The man who wrote these words was assuredly the soured author of a regimental history who knew to his cost the jejune barrenness of a war diary.

The author of "A Letter to the Gentlemen of the Army" (1757) is more forcible. He does not gently suggest, but lays on the lash. He begins pleasantly by saying that he addresses "such of my brother officers only as are capable of reflection. Let those whose wit and knowledge extend not beyond a bottle [and other things [1]] lay down the pamphlet and proceed no further, for they will find in it no obscenity and consequently no entertainment." He complains that many of his brother officers are averse from philosophical communings and argument. "All the answer you can expect to a serious question is *damn your reasons and drink about*. This is deem'd a witty reply, a horse-laugh succeeds, and there's an end

[1] Venus often follows Bacchus.

of your argument." He next proceeds to tell a deplorable story of a gentleman from the neighbouring barracks with whom he had formed an acquaintance, and whom he found it necessary to eject with violence from his house, as he had detected him endeavouring to enter, with dubious intent, the room of a lady. So far from being repentant, this ruffian wrote, not a letter of apology, but the following extraordinary note: — "Youv used me scendulously, a gentleman of my profeshon is not to be trated in such a mener and so I expect settisfaxion. P.S. Menshon your time and wepen." The pamphlet, which is in the form of a monologue by an old Colonel, ends on a cheerful, one might even say, in the modern jargon, an uplifting note — "But come, Sir, let us not entirely forget that we have a bottle before us — here's the Duke[1] and the Army."

To turn from this work to a book published in 1804 is like going from a breezy heath to a hothouse. The title is worth quoting in full. It runs as follows: "The Military Mentor. Being a Series of Letters recently written by a General Officer to his Son, on his entering the Army: comprising a Course of Elegant Instruction calculated to unite the Characters and Accomplishments of the Gentleman and the Soldier." This general officer must, I think, have been related to Mr. Barlow. His sententiousness is terrible. "The military profession is not designed for debauchees." "The air of the night after a very hot day is often agreeably cold." "Anger is a most disgraceful passion." Occasionally he unbends, as, for instance, when

[1] *i.e.*, William Augustus, Duke of Cumberland, known as "the Butcher."

he advises the wearing of flannel waistcoats and recommends the taking of a small quantity of spirits at night, and also — but only when stationed on marshy land — "a small glass of pure spirits in the morning." He is great on such things as negligence and foresight. Regarding the latter he reminds us that "Opportunity was represented by the ancients as a naked woman, with a long lock of hair on her brow, but bald behind, to intimate that opportunity if not laid hold on when it offers soon slips away" — a statement which does not seem to call for any comment beyond a sigh for the coarseness of the ancients. He denounces sarcasm, satire, and raillery, and really lets himself go when he says, "I blush, my son, even to name to you the vice of uttering what is false."

He allows a certain amount of amenities: "With regard to play I shall be the first to advise your acquiring the common games which will render you an acceptable companion to the other sex." The General, however, does not say to what games he refers. It needs scarcely be added that he is sternly opposed to gambling, and he quotes the dreadful example of "the late Colonel Daniel, who, when young, gambled so that, as he said himself, 'he often spread his winnings on the ground and rolled himself on them' in order that it might be said of him that he 'wallowed in gold.'" It is not necessary to add that nowadays any such behaviour as this at Ascot or Goodwood would expose the wallower, whatever his rank, to rebukes and icy looks from those broad-minded, generous men who chant in melodious unison "Six to four the Field." He warns his son off "drink" by quoting the sad story of Alexander, "who drank off

Hercules's Cup and immediately pledged Proteus again in the same furious and extravagant bumper." The General adds, with magnificent simplicity, "he had no sooner done this than he fell upon the floor." "How shameful it is," says Seneca, "for a good man to be ignorant of the capacity of his stomach!"

It is difficult to understand how or why Rear-Admiral Ralph Waldo Rumswizzle, R.N., ever became a Rear-Admiral. It certainly cannot have been reward for devotion to the Muses. His work "Ship Ahoy! or The Snotty's Vade-mecum" is an extraordinary production. On the title-page appear the lines: —

ALL BEARINGS ARE TRUE
LIKE ME TO SUE.

Then comes a dedication to one hundred and fifteen different female Christian names ranging from Abigail to Zu-Zu, which last sounds more like a term of endearment than a female Christian name: let us hope that it is not a female heathen name. More than half of these names have an asterisk (Maisie, Tarantula, and Zu-Zu each have three asterisks) with a note at the foot of the page "*meminisse juvabit*" — words which the Admiral wrongly attributes to Euripides. The contents of the book are, to a landsman, a series of meaningless maxims such as "Never give a powder-monkey Epsom salts"; "Dogs of a bulky character, or likely to be offensive or inconvenient to the skipper, are not allowed on the quarter-deck, except on a lead;" "Those who seek pearls should not cast a fly for oysters;" "To stop ship, ring bell on poop ONCE only;" "When starboard becomes larboard,

overhaul the binnacle;" "Safety first: stand from under when the Old Man is in the maintop;" "There is plenty of room in front, on the bowsprit;" "On all H.M. ships kit upkeep allowances lapse so soon as the kittens are weaned."

Red at the Mizzen
Blue at the Fore
Empty the rummer
And call for more,

and so on. The book was "privately printed" for more or less obvious reasons, and is, to-day, a rare find for the naval bibliophile.

A much more sensible volume is "Hints to Young Officers", by Colonel J. G. D. Tucker, published at Boulogne in 1826. Colonel Tucker's style has the fervid, ebullient eloquence characteristic of the Tucker Family from A.L.O.E., that favourite of one's grand-parents, to the South African War. This is evident from the following extracts: "As the sagacious and industrious Bee culls sweets from every flower, so the ambitious and courageous Youth should gather *knowledge* and information *wherever* it is to be met." "BLOCKHEADS and unlettered BOOBIES have by family interest had high Commands." How very gratifying it is to think that at the present day neither of these two classes, however interesting their families may be, has any chance whatever of being included in the Higher Command. Colonel Tucker, whose spelling is unimpeachable, in spite of his somewhat exotic style, says that it is necessary to pay "great attention to orthography." "An illiterate expression or a misspelt word has *often* branded the name and character of an

officer *through life*. Many of the greatest military commanders owe their exaltation and celebrity to the Art of letter writing." "INEBRIETY is completely exploded from any *genteel* circle in society. The common propensity to gamble may be justly termed A BLAST FROM HELL, a *leprosy of the mind*, more to be dreaded and avoided than PLAGUE, PESTILENCE, OR FAMINE. NO MANIAC within the confines of BEDLAM more wildly or more violently raves than the GAMBLER tottering on the precipice of RUIN." He approves of what one would expect him to call the Terpsichorean Art — "DANCING should form a part of the education of a BRITISH OFFICER not only as an amusement to himself but as a *Passport to genteel society*." But the young officer must discriminate carefully between the ballroom and the barracks. "Although *all words of command* should be given in an *authoritative and firm tone*, it does not follow that *drill manners* should accompany the officer into private society. They would indeed be most unpalatable, nay *absolutely* DEGOUTANTES, in civilized, enlightened and well-bred societies."

He next, enlarging upon the text of "What great events from trifling causes spring", tells the following anecdote: "I once had the pleasure of knowing an excellent officer who owed his rise to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in the Army to the natural *benevolence* of his disposition, which led him to assist an old gentleman in a stage-coach who was tormented with a painful fit of gout and who was a *perfect stranger* to my friend." Our engaging Colonel himself had a bit of luck when a Subaltern, thanks to his ready wit. "I once obtained an excellent dinner from an excellent General Officer,

when an Ensign, by presuming to deviate from the 'beaten track' in my Guard Report. Instead of adopting the usual expression 'Nothing extraordinary,' I ventured to insert '*Nil mirabile dictu, nil ridiculum risu.*'" It is much to be regretted that Colonal Tucker, from whom I now part with many regrets, never wrote a work on the Art of War. Had he done so, it is certain that it would have been much more entertaining reading than that dreary, long-winded old dog, Clausewitz.

It is lamentable to think that there can ever have been people so flippant and so lost to all sense of decency as to poke fun at these excellent Mentors of the Past. Yet the shameful fact is so. In 1782 there was published an anonymous book entitled "Advice to the Officers and Soldiers of the British Army." This was really the work of Captain Francis Grose, who wrote a very learned and serious treatise on Military Antiquities. But he has no reverence whatever for military rank, no trace of a sense of the hierarchy. In addressing General Officers Commanding-in-Chief he has the audacity to say, "Should you have the good luck to get the appointment of your own staff you will have an opportunity of providing for several friends." There are occasional glimmerings of good sense, as when he writes, "Reading and writing are very useful accomplishments in an Adjutant." Addressing Quartermasters, he makes the extraordinary statement, "the standing maxim of your office is to receive whatever is offered to you, or you can get hold of, but not to part with anything you can keep." This is only equalled by his advice to the Surgeon: "Keep two lancets, a blunt one for the soldiers and a sharp one for the offi-

cers: this will be making a proper distinction between them." Even the Secretary at War does not escape his impertinence. To him he says: "in issuing your orders, you must make use of a circuitous method, yet it is but the addition of a phrase; those efficacious words IT IS HIS MAJESTY'S PLEASURE will give omnipotence to all your mandates."

What ill-timed levity! This is indeed a book which leaves a nasty taste in what dear old Colonel Tucker would probably have called "the mental mouth." Light-heartedness is well enough; flippancy, though it makes the judicious grieve, may make the injudicious snigger, but there are some things and some grades that any writer who has any faint trace of a sense of decency will respect. Captain Grose was Grose by name and evidently, to make a bad joke, gross by nature.

Non tali auxilio. It is not by studying books such as this, O Youthful Warrior, whether you war by sea, or land, or sky, that you will learn to win the Approbation of your Superiors, the Favours of the Fair, the Plaudits of the Profane Vulgar, and, in your Declining Years, a Peculiar Position in a window looking upon Pall Mall or Piccadilly, where all the other members of the club will throng round you and applaud as they listen to your modest memories of the glorious past, which may take the form of some tale of derring-do, such as "In 1924 when I was O.C. Mules at Ootlephootle," etc., etc., or perhaps a recital beginning —

It was the airship *Hesperus that sailed the stormy sky*
And the Skipper had brought his daughter and a stranger, Lady Di

and ending (after ninety minutes or so) —

We swam for twelve hours in mid-ocean, swam where we fell from on high,
The Skipper, the Skipper's daughter, myself, and my bride — Lady Di.

Or what say you to a simple sailor's love song redolent of tarry breaks and spinnakers, such as —

Rolling down to Rio,
Andante con brio,
That's the place for me O!
For me O! and she O!
So swing the lead and shallow the tot
Here's to the girl who knows what's what!
For *I* am her Sailor Boy!

Chorus (in which no doubt all the members of the club will join, indicating, as they do so, the singer with outstretched right hands):

Yes! *He* is her Sailor Boy!
A fact which much annoys
All other Sailor Boys,
With a rum-tum-tum, Etc., etc., etc.

(These last words are, of course, purely choric and must not in any way be taken as a reflection upon naval officers' figures.)

THE WARRIORS' LIBRARY

THE WARRIORS' LIBRARY

I CAN never pass down the Duke of York's Steps without a feeling of gratitude to His Royal Highness. First, because it is pleasant, after going through the atmosphere of solemn and portentous gloom which always seems (to me) to emanate from the portals of the Athenæum, to be reminded of one whose life was, as a Royal Prince's should be, distinctly cheerful. Secondly, because when, many years ago, I was looking through the "Inquiry into the Conduct of the Duke of York", I was, as a constant reader of "Pickwick", delighted to find in the list of witnesses three very familiar names, Wardle, Dowler and Lowten, names which Dickens surely must have taken from this source. And thirdly, because it was through the initiative of the then Commander-in-Chief, "the best who ever ruled the Army,"[1] that the War Office Library ever came into existence. Writing in June, 1804, to Mr. Pitt, the Duke of York recommended the "formation of a deposit for military knowledge", one section of which was to be a military library. There are still in the Library many books with the label "Military Depot, Q.M.G.'s Dept.," and there still exists the first catalogue "Printed from Stone in the Year 1813; Written with Chymical Ink by J. Wyld, Draftsman."

This catalogue has on its title page a manuscript note signed "Lindenthal, Major-General."[2] "There is be-

[1] Mr. Fortescue.

[2] Lieutenant-General Lewis Lindenthal, K.C. (Knight of the Crescent.)

sides this another catalogue kept by myself for the purpose of knowing the price of each book, with the date when and where it has been purchased or otherwise procured" — an excellent practice which is maintained to this day in the War Office Library. The Library at this date consisted of a respectable number of historical works and books of travel; a few, chiefly French, as is natural, dealing with military science, and a very fair collection of the classics, mainly translations. This last is the only branch that has not grown. The writer can recall only one instance of their being consulted. This was during the Boer War, when he was asked by one in authority for information as to the Carthaginian practice of crucifying unsuccessful commanders: the old copy of Livy proved on this occasion that it had been worth preserving, but, happily, "no action was taken in the matter." It is interesting to note that while at the present time there are more books in the Library in German than in any other foreign language, in 1813 they did not number a score.

The next catalogue is that printed in 1864, a classified catalogue of some merit except for the fatal heading "Miscellaneous", where one sees such odd concatenations as "Baths and Washhouses for Labouring Classes" followed by "Cæsaris Opera Omnia"; and "Iliad, The", in immediate conjunction with "Inebriating Liquors, Philosophical and Statistical History of." This last work is shown as issued to the Ordnance Survey

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He was originally in the Austrian service and was with the Duke of York in Flanders, Sir C. Stuart at the taking of Minorca, and Sir Ralph Abercromby in Egypt.

Department, Dublin, as is another singular book to find in a military catalogue, "Health, Temperance and Morals, Hints on." Perhaps a study of intoxicating liquors led to the necessity for "Hints on Temperance." But what is more extraordinary is that at this time there were only two books in the War Office Library on Waterloo, which rather suggests that at that date Waterloo meant to the average British officer of the day little more than a stopping place between Aldershot and Pall Mall: in any case it throws a sinister light on the interest taken in military history at this date. Nor are Tactics well represented with only twenty works, of which two are editions of Ælian and one Cataneo's "Briefe Tables of rankes in battayle", dated 1574. The heading "Strategy" (then vaguely known as The Art of War) does not occur. There was, however, a good collection of works on Artillery and on Fortification, and particular attention appears to have been paid to the topography and resources of Russia [1] and Turkey. There are only three books dealing with Japan, but Theology is represented by twelve. Two of these, "The Crimes of the Clergy", and "An Attempt to Draw Aside the Veil of the Saitic Isis", are credited to the Ordnance Survey, Dublin, a department which would seem to have had a very catholic taste in literature.

The next catalogue, an author's catalogue, was printed in 1878. This is chiefly remarkable for one of the most delightful errors it has ever been the good fortune of

[1] Due, perhaps, to the fact that at the time of the Crimean War, the Cabinet, as was admitted by the Duke of Newcastle before the Sebastopol Committee, was as ignorant of the topography of the Crimea as, say, of the Island of Atlantis.

the writer, who has waded through the pages of many catalogues, printed in many lands, to have discovered. A Dutch official publication, "Aanhangsel op de handleiding", etc. (*i.e.*, Supplement to the Guide to, etc.), is attributed to a writer with the very singular name (even for Holland) of Haanhangsel Op. Apart from this gem, the 1878 catalogue does not call for any particular notice, unlike its successor, a classification catalogue printed in 1883. This is a lamentable instance of misplaced energy. It was based upon an adaptation of the decimal system of classification of Doctor Dewey, an American bibliographer — a system which has acquired considerable popularity in the United States. Roughly speaking, instead of putting your book under a subject heading, you "think of a number" as children say. Thus, to take an instance, if 354 stands for the armies of the world, 354.736 may stand for the United States Army and 354.7368 may stand for the Pay Department of that Army. It is, in fact, a kind of "This is the house that Jack built" method of classification. It seems, on the whole, simpler to call a spade a spade (or even a something shovel) than to label it with a row of digits, each, like the word Basingstoke, "replete with hidden meaning."

By 1883 the Library had grown considerably, especially in its collection of bound sets of military periodicals in all languages, of which it has a very fine collection. Waterloo, however, was still badly represented with only twenty-six works — at the present day there are in the Library over a hundred and fifty dealing with it. There was at this date an excellent collection of publications — since largely increased — dealing with the

Franco-German War, beginning of course with the Prussian Official History, which might well have inscribed on its title page, "I am right and you are right and all is right as right can be," so remarkably free is it from any hint that anything ever went wrong for Moltke and his soldiers. On the other hand, the collection of works on the American Civil War was at this period somewhat scanty, due probably to the theory held by German writers of that day that there was little to be learned from it. It may be noted that by this time the Library had been purged of Theology, with the exception of a first edition (1650) of Fuller's "A Pisgah Sight of Palestine and the Confines thereof." It should, perhaps, be added that the General Staff did *not* make use of this for the operations against the Turks during the European War.

By this time (1883) with Hamley, Verdy du Vernois (in an English translation), and Home setting an example, British officers had begun to publish their own views on strategy and tactics, and, in general, to write *De re militari.* It is difficult to estimate the debt which English military literature owes to the Royal United Service Institution and the lectures and discussions held there. Without this stimulus it may well be doubted if there would ever have been any English military literature at all, setting aside, of course, those who had a natural gift for writing such as, to mention a few names, Hamley, J. F. Maurice, Malleson, C. B. Brackenbury and his more famous brother, Henry; and, perhaps the most famous of them all, though of a later generation, G. F. R. Henderson. At this time (1883) the Intelli-

gence Branch was busily engaged in bringing out "Armed Strengths", those model encyclopædias of military information as to foreign armies; and in translating, not always, of course, for publication, books, pamphlets and articles from all languages. Indeed, the publications of the old Topographical and Statistical Department, which by way of Intelligence Branch and Intelligence Department, was to become a very important part of the General Staff, form a respectable library in themselves. *Apropos* the early "Armed Strengths", a story, probably much exaggerated, is told which is too good to omit. It is to the effect that the first "Armed Strengths" to be put on sale found for some time only one purchaser, whose name was, naturally, noted. Unfortunately, as in the case of the daughter of the dealer in ships' provisions, the only pupil to take lessons in acting from Mrs. Vincent Crummles, he "subsequently proved to be insane", though it is not recorded whether insanity prompted the purchase of the work, or was brought on by a perusal of it. Which only goes to show what little interest the public of the 'seventies and the 'eighties took in military literature.

At this period only those books were purchased for the War Office Library which were asked for by officers in charge of the various sections: the annual supplements to the 1883 catalogue are full of personal equations, and it is possible from a glance at them to have a pretty shrewd idea whether the officer at the head of any particular section was a sapper or a gunner. A natural result of this method of selection was that the Library did not subscribe (because no particular section was interested in

this particular subject) to such indispensable works of reference as the "Dictionary of National Biography" and the "Oxford English Dictionary."

The present catalogue (1906–1912) consists of three parts, an authors' catalogue, a catalogue of official works, annuals, Army Regulations and periodical publications, and a subject index. Accession lists to Parts I and II are issued monthly, and a decennial supplement was printed in 1916. An annual supplement to Part III is brought out early in each year. In addition there is in the Library a card catalogue which is brought up to date each month and an interleaved copy of Parts I–III, in which the accessions are pasted as they are published. The subject index with its annual supplements is the largest military bibliography in existence in Great Britain. And lastly, as in all libraries, there is the memory of the librarian, his deputy and his assistants.

Books in the War Office Library are for the use of "Officers and Officials of the War Office, and are not to be removed from the vicinity of London." *Inter arma silent leges:* during the European War the vicinity of London included regions as far as Baghdad, and several books had the unusual experience of being taken to Paris by aeroplane. The Library contains at present over one hundred thousand books and pamphlets, and grows at the rate of about two thousand five hundred volumes a year. Owing perhaps to the fact that there has never been in the War Office a branch solely devoted to the compilation of military histories, this particular branch of military literature, especially as regards campaigns prior to that of 1870, was for many years the weak point of the

Library. Second-hand booksellers' catalogues are received from all over the country, and carefully examined in order that gaps may be filled. It was, for example, only recently that Shaw Kennedy's [1] "Notes on the Battle of Waterloo" (published in 1865) was purchased second-hand and added to the Library. There is a vacant shelf hard by the thirty-two volumes of the "Correspondance de Napoleon Ier" waiting to be filled with the Commentaries. Another gap waits for a really satisfactory military life of Wellington, which remains to be written: there are two living authors (both civilians by the way), either of whom could do this to perfection: their names will readily occur to the reader.[2]

The Library has now a very good collection of books, in all languages, dealing with every branch of military art and administration, of the regulations of the armies of the world; and of bound sets of military periodicals. The principles of strategy ("get there fust with most men") [3] are eternal, and so is the stream of books written to prove this. Of these books, as they appear, the greater number are added to the Library. Any military library should have in fact as its motto *Fas est et ab hoste doceri*, every nation in the world being regarded as a potential enemy, not even omitting the most insignificant.

The Library possesses few bibliographical rarities: there are no *incunabula*,[4] its earliest printed book being

[1] An A.Q.M.G. at Waterloo.

[2] One of them, Mr. Fortescue, has, since the above was written, filled this gap.

[3] Gen. Forrest.

[4] For the benefit of the uninitiated it should be hastily explained that this word, in a library sense, has not (as it vaguely suggests) anything to do with cradles, but means books printed before 1500.

dated 1573. This is Peter Whitehorne's "Certayne wayes for the ordering of soldiours in battelray, and setting of battayles, after divers fashions, with their maner of marching: and also figures of certayne newe plattes for fortification of townes, etc." The author had sound views on St. Barbara's arm, "how much," he writes, in a full chapter, "the artillerie ought to be esteemed of the armies nowadays": he also tells his readers how to make "balles of mettell to throw among men in battelraye, or otherwise, which breaking shall doo wonderfull hurte", and he is careful to point out "these balles after they are fired and well kindeled, and having blowen a little must be quickly throwen, lest they hurte such as would hurtle them." He ends his little book with a solemn warning, which many others have repeated and which his countrymen have persistently neglected, "to make accompte in fayre weather of the tempest to come." There is in the Library a good collection of fanciful views of "the tempest to come" in the shape of pamphlets written after the style of that garrulous grandfather's tale, Chesney's "Battle of Dorking" (1871); the Library possesses, however, an earlier work of the kind, this being a "History of the sudden and terrible Invasion of England by the French in the month of May, 1852." The anonymous author of this work is not without humour: the aldermen of London were drowned in brewers' vats of hot turtle soup in Smithfield, Lord Brougham escaped by loudly proclaiming himself a French citizen, and £10,000 was offered as a reward for the body of the Editor of *Punch*, dead or alive. England had, it seemed, ample warning, but when Parliament met they talked

"like old women of the Law of Nations and Declarations of War", with the result that the French under General Changarnier landed without opposition near Newhaven and, close to Reigate, annihilated Lord Hardinge's force of fifteen thousand men and five thousand police, preparatory to sacking London, where the only monument spared was the "equestrian monstrosity" at Hyde Park Corner, the French having too much good taste to meddle with it. The invasion appears to have been facilitated by the fact that the fleet of the Admiral at Portsmouth consisted only of "the Admiralty yacht and two steamers."

There is a large collection of works giving the history of the many invasions and attempted invasions of these Isles, and a larger, dealing with the measures of defence against invasion. Of these one of the most interesting is Bruce's "Report on the Arrangements which were made for the Internal Defence of these Kingdoms when Spain, by its Armada, projected the invasion and conquest of England; and application of the wise proceedings of our ancestors, to the present crisis of public safety (1798)." This is a very rare and interesting work, and goes into great detail. It gives the "quotas of men furnished by the Council, Bishops, Lords and several Counties"; the "somes of money" expended, not omitting such items as "allowed to every soldier 12d. to have them the more willinge to make the more haste"; the names of certain Captaynes (and fine old names they are, *e.g.*, Ingelbie, Bosvile, Tempest, Bellasis, Elerker); list of ships, among which (as the Society Paragraphists say) may be

noted "The Virgin Godsaver", the "Barque Buggans",[1] the "Tobie", the "Dreadnaughte", the "Black Dogge", the "Guyft of God"; the rate for footmen, consisting of breade, beere, wyne, beeif, butter, cheese, biskett; and it even mentions in "A perfect Collection of all the able Personnes for Service from the age of 17 yeares to 60, as well Englishe as Strangers, resident within their severall Wardes in the Citie of London", the number of those who were "suspected in Religion." It is gratifying, but at the same time rather humiliating, to note that there is no mention of Conscientious Objectors — Queen Elizabeth would no doubt have had a very short way with any such. The "total in brieffe of the forces as they were mustered in Arms" came to 155,489.

A branch of military science which has been singularly neglected by British soldier-writers is military geography. This is curious[2] because (to express military geography in its lowest terms) to be able to guess or deduce what is taking place "on the other side of the hill" is not more important than knowing the nature and slope of the hill and also whether there is not, as the American attaché said at Colenso, "a way round." The very phrase "military geography" does not seem to have come into use until the nineteenth century. The first professor of this science appears to have been C. A. Stutzer, who, in 1804,

[1] It is quaint to think of a Spanish naval grandee, with a name as long as his pedigree, being attacked by the *Barque Buggans.*

[2] Col. Hon. H. A. Dillon, writing in 1811, points out very truly, that the mortality in Walcheren might have been avoided had the nature of the soil and "the effect of the atmosphere in superinducing and repelling disease" been known in England.

was appointed to the chair of Military Geography and Military History in the "Academy for Young Officers in Berlin." Hitherto in Prussia military geography had been regarded as "Eine Art von Geheimwissenschaft." Apparently the earliest work on the subject is G. Veturini's "Lehrbuch der Militair-Geographie der östlichen Lander am Niederrhein", published in 1800. There are, of course, earlier works dealing with military geography, though not so entitled, *e.g.*, "The Martial Field of Europe" (1694), by the industrious A. Boyer, Gent., who also "digested" (to use his own term) the reign of Queen Anne into annals, and compiled an excellent French-English dictionary. A similar and more detailed work than the "Martial Field" is the "Theatre of the Present War in the Netherlands and upon the Rhine" (1745), which contains plans of the fortified towns in this "bloody country" — the phrase is Mr. Boyer's — which would have delighted the heart of Uncle Toby. In 1850 there was published an excellent little pamphlet by Colonel J. R. Jackson on the "Nature, object and importance of military geography", and of recent years there has appeared "Outlines of, and Introductions to, Military Geography", but there is no work in English which can rank with "Niox" or "Marga", the standard French works on this subject, but now — they were both published in the 'eighties — hopelessly out of date. Here is an opportunity for an enthusiast who has industry, time, and, I fear it must be added, money to spare.

The Library already possesses about five thousand books and pamphlets in all languages dealing with the European War, and this section will naturally grow enor-

mously. Experiences, reminiscences, regimental records, diaries[1] (gastronomic and otherwise) have already appeared in large quantities, and in ten years or so there will be the red-tab records, the authoritative General Staff Official Histories compiled in the historical sections of the various combatants, and the diligent non-professional reader, as he compares them, will no doubt be inclined to wonder if they treat of the same war, so different will be the points of view, so remarkable the discrepancies.[2] It takes a long time to dissipate the fog of war. Finally, some hundred years hence, the archives of the Public Record Offices of the various countries will, as they say at the cinema, be released; and then, to use a vulgar phrase, the band will play. Some learned military historian of the twenty-first century will get a glimmer of the truth, will write a book about it, and will, probably, nurse a grievance against the authorities for the rest of his distinguished career. "'What is truth?' said Jesting Pilate, and did not wait for an answer," probably because he understood what a very long time it takes to get at it. Who, for example, can be certain what General Cambronne said at Waterloo? Is it a fact that Bazaine was playing billiards while St. Privat was being fought? What did Prince Eugène's mule think of Prince Eugène? Why did Wellington leave eighteen thousand men under

[1] In reading some of the war revelation books one is inclined to wish that the *obiter dictum* of Stareleigh, J., "What the soldier said is not evidence," still held good.

[2] Since the above was written France, Germany and Great Britain have all issued the first volumes of their Official Histories of the War. The English version, by Brigadier-General J. E. Edmonds, C.B., is *facile princeps*, and indeed should always stand as a model of what an Official History should be.

Colvile at Hal? And what would Wellington have said if, as has been suggested by an Italian writer[1] on Waterloo, Colvile had, on his own initiative, ordered them to take part in the battle? This last, however, is "not beyond conjecture" — it would have been something pretty violent.

Even while the war was in progress and its issue and exact duration doubtful (except to the editor of a weekly paper), there was a very large output of books and pamphlets dealing with various aspects of it. Owing to the shortage of paper, most of these were printed on paper that would in time of peace have been put to some other use, and it is probable that in course of time many of them will powder away to dust. This perhaps is as well. In addition to books and pamphlets published at home during the war, the Library possesses a large collection of German propaganda literature, which will, in the future, be interesting to the student in the same way that bilge water[2] is, presumably, interesting to the analytical chemist. A distinct curiosity in the way of books on the war is a volume, presented by the author, containing an admirable reproduction of a photograph of the War Office. Underneath is printed "Surely the Lord dwelt in this place and I knew it not."

A minor result of the war, so far as the interior economy of the War Office Library is concerned, is that, previous to 1914, the librarian considered it more seemly

[1] General Pollio.

[2] But, as the late Dr. Garnett, sometime Keeper of the Printed Books in the British Museum, once remarked to the writer, "It is difficult to say what is rubbish to-day: it is impossible to say what will be regarded as rubbish in a hundred years' time."

that the numerous lives of Napoleon and Wellington should be severely separated on the shelves. Now, happily, they rest cheek by jowl; and should there be, by dead of night, another Battle of the Books, the biographies of Blücher, Gneisenau, Schwarzenberg, even though aided by Moltke's Militärische Korrespondenz would meet their Waterloo, or rather let us say their Marne. Even "Our Military Expert" could not go wrong in forecasting the result of a contest between the "Little Corporal" in alliance with "the long-nosed beggar" — *contra mundum.*

It will be remembered that that tiresome Rosa Dartle-like child, Little Peterkin, on an historic occasion, pestered his unfortunate grandfather, Kaspar, with reiterated inquiries as to the causes of, and ultimate benefits likely to accrue from, the War of the Spanish Succession. The exasperated ancient, exhausted with a hot day's heavy toil, peevishly replied that "he could not tell." How different from modern writers! The number of works dealing with the causes of the European War is legion, and of these the Library possesses a great quantity, including of course the book which, it might be argued with reason, had some considerable influence in bringing about the war. Had Admiral Mahan's "Influence of Sea-Power upon History", a work which is stated to have had very great weight in (what were then) high quarters in Prussia,[1] never been written, there might never have been a

[1] In Mr. C. C. Taylor's "Life of Admiral Mahan" the author quotes a telegram (May 26, 1894) from William I. and R. "I am just now, not reading, but devouring Captain Mahan's book, and am trying to learn it by heart." This rather reminds one of an unhappy individual in the "Spoon River Anthology" whose ambition, as a young man, was "to memorize the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.'" His end was not fortunate.

German Navy, and therefore possibly, no World War. And as the German Navy had, in 1914, no history, and no traditions, no doubt some learned professor is now evolving out of his inner consciousness an erudite volume upon the "Influence of History upon Sea-Power."

Finally, it should be said that nowadays the War Office Library never casts out a book, though, of course, it occasionally has experience of borrowers who display a certain reluctance to return books they have borrowed. It is a standing rule in libraries that, if you get rid of a book as obsolete or useless, you will be asked for that book within a week.

THE LIBRARIAN IN UNDRESS

THE LIBRARIAN IN UNDRESS

MANY hard things have been said, many unkind stories told, of the harmless, necessary librarian. Perhaps the unkindest is the tale of the eminent American bibliographer who was going the round of the book collections of London. It is told of him that on visiting a well-known West End Club, and on asking to see the librarian, he was led deep down into the bowels of the earth until he found himself in a large and steaming kitchen. "But where," asked the bewildered bibliographer, "is the librarian?" "That's 'im," was the reply, "cutting the jint."

Can you beat it? As, no doubt, the bibliographer himself inquired.

But *cet animal est méchant: quand on l'attaque il se défend*. For example, we have it on the authority of the Head of the British Museum that "the first duty of a librarian is to suffer fools gladly." And it is said of another librarian, who did not, it is to be feared, act up to Sir F. Kenyon's *obiter dictum*, that, driven to exasperation, possibly by an inquirer asking for a book, author not known, title forgotten, but "probably bound in red", he replied, truly, perhaps, but with a certain lack of consideration, "What you really want is a Child's Guide to Knowledge."

On the other hand, there are amenities in the life of a librarian, which fact, no doubt, accounts, the world over,

for, as Mr. Micawber might have said, "the comparative exiguousness of their emoluments." Books are pleasant companions: the very smell of old leather bindings has something attractive in it.[1] Just as to George Dyer every poem was a good poem, so to a librarian all the books in his charge should be of interest, even the *biblia abiblia*. And, after all, a dull book can be shut up, which is more than one can do politely, anyhow, with a dull fellow.

In a large departmental library like that of the War Office, the knowledge of the librarian and his staff of the contents of the books contained in it has to be extensive and peculiar. The oddest questions may be asked. Many of them are, of course, of the nature of the "What did Mr. Gladstone[2] say in 1885?" kind of question, and perhaps, of no special interest, although certainly on one occasion the query, "What did the Home Secretary, as reported by the *Times*, say in January, 1882?" led to an amazing and horrifying discovery. But the really interesting questions are those which involve more research than the turning over of the pages of *Hansard*, not one of the most lively of publications. Some of the inquiries put to the War Office Library and answered, taken haphazard, may be of interest.

What was the population of London in 1500? When was the phrase "Balance of Power" first used officially? What historical instances are there of the drawbacks of soldiers being allowed to elect their officers? Instances of indiscretions of the Press in time of war? Amount of

[1] Mrs. Micawber would probably here remark "It is difficult to nurture twins on smells."

[2] Who "looked like a fraudulent bankrupt" (W. S. Blunt).

powder used in the Petersburg Mine in 1864? Authority for the statement that Abraham Lincoln declared medicine contraband? Organization of the Portuguese troops under Beresford?[1] Who has won to-day's Hunt Cup? (This, which I hastily add was from a military branch, was over the telephone, and the answer — a very unusual occurrence in the Library — "gave grave dissatisfaction.") Value of inundations in Marlborough's campaigns in Flanders? What is the French term for "sound-ranging?" Instructions given to the Duke of York when he went to the Low Countries? Who, where, what, and how many are the Sarts? What are Dellis? Why has the baton of a British Field-Marshal eighteen lions on it? Was George Washington[2] "a most immoral man?" Who made the statement that Sir Robert Walpole "always talked bawdy at his table, because in that all could join?"

In any library, to be able to answer questions of this nature it is, of course, at first necessary to have a subject index, *i.e.*, a catalogue which tells you what books are possessed on any given subject. In addition it is necessary to have a good memory. Indeed the ideal librarian should "forget nothing", like the Bourbon, or, as an Australian paper once happily misprinted it, "the Boubong." And, finally, one should have a card index of items of out-of-the-way information. The writer has for many years kept an index of this nature, consisting largely of cold, hard facts of a nature to satisfy a General Gradgrind, but also containing a certain amount of quaint and

[1] "A low-looking ruffian" (Creevey).

[2] Like a less distinguished commander, General Bangs.

whimsical information; as he has found that items of this nature are frequently asked for, and it is difficult to trace them at a moment's notice.

Under the name of the greatest soldier in history it is curious to find that Napoleon was struck off the Army List no less than five times; when a student, the report on him was "*sera un excellent marin*"; his handwriting was shocking — other military men have shared his fault, as the writer knows to his cost; his spelling was indifferent; only Lannes was allowed to address him as "thou"; at Waterloo, at which battle he is stated to have sat on a chair, he had with him his travelling — one might say circulating — library[1] of four hundred volumes; he was a bad horseman; on one occasion he was invited by Berthier to a "*chasse au lapin*" which had a most unfortunate issue; the Marshal, to make sure of good sport, had his park stocked with some thousand rabbits, which, unfortunately, were of the tame variety, and, cherishing the delusion that the Emperor was going to feed them, swarmed around him and fairly put him to flight; Chambertin was his usual wine; he had four illegitimate sons, of whom, by the way, the most famous, Walewski, was, from his portraits, save for an appalling beard of the kind known in the Victorian era as a "Whitechapel fringe", the living image of his father; he gave the advice, long before the late Lord Salisbury: "use large-scale maps"; he was a great believer in propaganda,[2] and even went so far as to have inserted in the *Moniteur*, the equivalent of

[1] He preferred to read lying down.

[2] And so were we also at this period. In 1813, Wellington's *Vittoria Gazette* was sent broadcast "in French, Dutch and German to all corners of Europe."

NAPOLEON I

our *London Gazette*, an anti-English poem briefly and pleasantly entitled "Goddam"; and, finally — an agreeable touch — when at St. Helena, he would play Blind Man's Buff with little Miss Betsy Balcombe.

Of his rival, the Great Duke, the notes in the index have little of a genial nature; one cannot, for example, imagine Wellington pulling Picton's ear, or even his leg, nor indeed would Picton have liked it. There are several instances of his harshness; he "never visited the hospitals in person, and his General Orders were almost always the reverse of complimentary"; on the other hand, there are instances of his generosity to Alava and Hill; he was really fond of music; he was averse to any display of sentiment; [1] he never read Napier's "Peninsular War", he did not want his own life written. Possibly the reason why there has never been a really good life of the Duke, is, that while he excites the deepest admiration as a soldier, it is difficult to pump up any enthusiasm for him as an individual. He, himself, had little enthusiasm in his nature. Nelson must have done and said many things that would have tempted the Duke to exclaim, as he did to the unfortunate citizen who was so proud to give the great man his arm across Piccadilly, "Don't be a damned fool." It will be remembered that the only time the two greatest English warriors of the period met, the Duke, describing it, remarked of Nelson, "He entered into conversation with me, if I can call it conversation, for it was

[1] Craufurd had intrigued with Charles Stewart against the Duke in the Peninsula, "I believe he pushed it to a very blameable extent, for when he was mortally wounded he sent for me, and there, *in the way one has read of in romances*, he solemnly asked my forgiveness." (The Duke, in conversation with croker, *alias* Mr. Rigby, *alias* Mr. Wenham.)

almost all on his side and all about himself, and in, really, a style so vain and so silly as to surprise and almost disgust me." But great men do not always take to each other. When Doctor Johnson met Adam Smith at Glasgow — their first and only meeting — the Great Cham of Literature answered an argument of Smith's with the brief phrase, "You lie," and, in his turn, was answered, "You are a son of a ——."

Of Napoleon's and Wellington's contemporaries Blücher was, like the Emperor, and Marshal Saxe also, an indifferent speller. Although Napoleon called him *cet ivrogne de hussard*", and Denon "*un animal indécrottable*", one must always remember that, having given his word, Blücher, unlike the modern Prussian, kept it. It was at St. Helena that Napoleon made this uncomplimentary remark, on the same occasion when asked by Admiral Malcolm, "*Que pensez-vous des Prussiens?*" he briefly summed them up, "*Ce sont des coquins.*" Gneisenau, on whom Blücher relied implicitly, just as in most wars, ancient and modern, General X would be helpless without General Y, spent some months in the United States with a Jäger regiment in 1782–1783, and learned there the value of sharpshooters and the necessity of universal military service; Bernadotte, when Minister of War, in 1799, drew his sword and threatened to kill the Minister of Finance for cutting down his estimates — how often other Ministers of War must have wished they could do the same! Mack (who, like General Trochu, "had a plan") is damningly described by Lord Rosebery as "a strategist of unalloyed incompetency"; Schwarzenberg — who now remembers

him? — would sometimes lay down three different dispositions of his troops in one day, and then alter the third on the following day; Daddy Hill, who bore a remarkable facial resemblance to a benevolent contemporary, Mr. Pickwick, at a review in Hyde Park, in 1814, was mobbed by an enthusiastic crowd of Londoners and nearly had his clothes torn off him; Picton, at Quatre Bras, where he fought in a beaver hat, had his ribs broken by a musket ball, but kept it secret, and it was not discovered till after his death at Waterloo; Mr. Huskisson, who was killed at the opening of the Manchester and Liverpool Railway, and whose statue at Chelsea is, with the exception of that lasting joy, the Cobden statue in Camden Town, the most grotesque in London, when Private Secretary, in 1792, to the British Ambassador in Paris, so bullied an unfortunate young waiter at a café he patronized that the youth gave up his job and enlisted. The young waiter's name was Murat, later King of Naples.

These anecdotes about individuals may be ended with a pleasant story of the Duke of York, who has never, except by Mr. Fortescue, been given by historians the great credit due to him as Commander-in-Chief.[1] This is probably due to the fact that as a nation we are severe judges of moral lapses in public characters. The Duke of York and Albany certainly was not, although, in early life, Bishop of Osnaburg, "insensible to female charms" as they would have said in his day. After all, who is? And one might quote in his defence the authority of the

[1] I have endeavoured to do so elsewhere, in "Frederick, the Soldier's Friend."

more or less eminent divine who exclaimed in a kind of ecstasy —

> What Lasting Joys the Man attend
> Who has a Faithful Female Friend!

But the story is as follows: Once, when at his Surrey estate, Oatlands, he observed the housekeeper sending away, with some asperity, a poor woman from the door, and, his curiosity excited, asked the reason. "It is only a soldier's wife who has been begging." "A soldier's wife?" exclaimed the Duke, "And pray what is your mistress but a soldier's wife? Call the poor creature back and give her some relief." A very human touch this, like the remark of Miss Nightingale, of a later Royal Commander-in-Chief, "George's oaths are popular with the Army."

There are many entries under the heading "Mistakes." Lord Lucan's mistake in the Crimea, which led to the charge of the Light Brigade, has become history. Perhaps the most whimsical error I have noted is the story of an American officer in the Civil War, who, in a crisis, gave the command, "Lie down"; a sergeant in a Texas regiment, Murphy by name, yelled out, "And did you hear the Gineral say, 'Light out'?" — and the regiment lit out. But officials and even ministers make mistakes, as well as soldiers. Croker, in 1812, wanted to send a frigate up the Falls of Niagara. He also committed the error in judgment of lecturing the Duke of Wellington on his tactics at Talavera, and ended the lecture by saying, "Well, Duke, you may say what you please, but if history should fail to do you justice, you will live for ever in my poem as the hero of that day."

This must have astonished the Duke almost as much as the question from a casual acquaintance as to whether he was surprised at Waterloo, "No," replied the Duke, "but I am now." As a matter of fact, Croker's "Talavera" is probably about as familiar to the present generation as the cricketing ballads of the late Mr. Craig, the Surrey poet. Pitt, in 1792, expected fifteen years of peace, and, in 1793, said, "The war will be over in a twelvemonth." Castlereagh gave up Java to the Dutch, and, according to Talleyrand, was utterly ignorant of military topography and continental geography. Counsels of perfection are always gratifying to those who give them, although not very helpful to those who receive them.

Under the heading "Women" I find amongst many anecdotes, slanders no doubt, not entirely suitable for publication, a note of an Austrian General, who, in 1859, was savagely denounced by a French newspaper, because he had put in an application to headquarters for *belladonna* for the use of his men. The heroine of Saragossa, Agostina, who rallied the besieged troops was given a commission in the Spanish Army, just as in the Portuguese Army, St. Antony was officially entered, in 1668, as having enlisted in the Lagos regiment, and, in 1836, was promoted to the rank of Captain. Let us trust he was as successful as a spiritual soldier as he was as a mortal, in resisting those temptations to which, according to the gentleman in blue, anybody who wears "a good uniform" is particularly exposed.

Turning to the less cheerful subject of drink and drunkenness there is a curious story of a Peninsular vet-

eran who kept a careful log of the wine shops he had encountered with such valuable entries as "right strong vino", "good akedent" (*i.e., aguardiente*), "horrid rot-gut stuff." Marshal Canrobert, speaking of the Crimea, used to tell a good story: "*Un jour, dans une revue, je remarque un légionnaire dont les chaussures me paraissent bizarres; je regarde plus attentivement et je vois qu'il est sans souliers, mais qu'il a passé ses pieds au cirage pour faire illusion; interrogé il m'avoue avoir vendu ses godillots pour acheter de l'eau-de-vie.*" But one must give the devil — in this case the "Demon Rum" — his due, and mention the case of General Hooker ("Fighting Joe") of whom some said that he lost, or did not win, the battle of Chancellorsville, because he "missed his drink." A famous military historian once remarked in a lecture, talking of eighteenth-century dispatches, that it was of the greatest importance to consult, in the Public Record Office, the actual dispatch itself, because, if for no other reason, one could tell from the handwriting if the General, when he wrote it, was sober or not.

To turn to the third item, an absence of affection for which is, according to that great and good man, Luther, the sign of a lifelong fool, to wit, Song,[1] the value of military music, originally intended to frighten the foe, has long been recognized. "It's a long way to Tipperary" should have an honourable mention in the history of the European War; and it is much to be regretted that it appears to be impossible to get an authentic ver-

[1] Wer liebt nich Wein, Weib and Gesang
Der bleibt ein Narr sein Lebenlang.

— pretty good, for a Reformer.

sion of the moving ballad of "Mademoiselle of Armentières." It is sad to think of the scholiast of a hundred years hence worrying himself with futile conjectures as to the *faits et gestes* of this remarkable lady.

To revert to serious military matters, under "Strategy" is a brief but excellent definition of it — "Strategy is horse sense" — and a somewhat cynical remark, also of American origin, to the effect that "when practised by Indians, it is called treachery." The principles of strategy are eternal, but perhaps it is as well that one principle believed in by the Portuguese High Command in 1640 is dead: "*Certains officers-généraux réglaient les manœuvres de guerre sur des horoscopes tirés de l'astrologie judiciaire.*" "Sorcerers, G.H.Q.," would be a curious appointment nowadays.

Under "Discipline" the index has a story told by Carl Schurz, who, during the American Civil War, on asking a sentry guarding his tent why he had not presented arms to a General who had just left it, received the answer, "Why, sir, that General was never introduced to me." Which sounds more like the "Bab Ballads" than warfare. But, in connection with discipline, in an older Army than that of the United States, Louvois, in 1672, reduced three Marshals of France to the rank of Lieutenant-General for the space of a fortnight for refusing to serve under Turenne.

The name of Louvois, one of the greatest of war ministers, suggests the subject of the relations between the Minister of War and the authorities at home and the commander in the field. Montecuculi would not open letters from the Emperor, an example followed by Pélis-

sier in the Crimea. The trouble Marlborough had with the Dutch deputies is well known: the commissaries of the French Revolutionary Armies were worse. As Pascal Vallongue forcibly put it at the time in a memorandum to Carnot, "*Les Représentants du peuple, sans connaissances militaires, voulaient diriger l'armée; ils ne doutaient de rien parce qu'ils pouvaient tout; ils écrasaient les généraux du poids de leur pouvoir et du fardeau de leur ignorance.*" Small wonder that Lafayette arrested the commissaries sent to advise him, and immured them in Sedan. It is always interesting to see what Napoleon has to say. In this connection he wrote, "*Le ministre, le prince, donnent des instructions auxquelles il [le général en chef] doit se conformer en âme et conscience, mais ces instructions ne sont jamais des ordres militaires et n'exigent pas une obéissance passive.*" One might say, in effect, from this, that the minister gives the general idea, but if it is not the General's idea, the latter is justified in not following it too slavishly, especially as such instructions sometimes tend, necessarily, to be rather in the "go in and win" manner.

"Red tape" is supposed by many people to be peculiarly British. But this is not so. Napoleon spoke, at St. Helena, of "*notre effroyable administration paperassière*", and Austria, before the war, appears to have known it. Still, General Galgotzy's way of dealing with it, as related by Mr. Steed, in his "Hapsburg Monarchy", appears to have been somewhat drastic. The General, it appears, reported with reference to a road that had to be made in a hurry in Bosnia-Herzegovina: "Road built: twenty-thousand florins received, twenty-thousand

florins spent: nothing remains." "Shocked by so terse a statement the military audit official demanded of General Golgotzy a detailed account of florin and kreutzer, with vouchers. He ignored the demand, which was presently repeated in peremptory tone. Then he rejoined: 'twenty thousand florins received: twenty thousand spent. Whoever doubts it is an ass.'" This is calculated to make the hair stand up with horror on a bald accountant's head.

Nor is red tape unknown across the Channel. The War Office Library possesses a stout volume of four hundred pages whimsically entitled "Chinoiseries militaires", by C. Humbert (1909), devoted entirely to it. But red tape is not confined to War Departments. One sees, from time to time, posted up in London, notices prohibiting the shooting of birds that are as likely to be seen in the Metropolis as a covey — or should we say dollop? — of dodos: railway passengers, if they study the by-laws carefully, will note with interest that they are forbidden to travel upon the roof of the carriage. According to the Post-Office Guide one may send "persons" to an address by an express messenger, and all of us know "persons" whom we would like to dispatch express to a certain address. On the other hand, one is forbidden to send "Rough on Rats" to Trinidad, which seems to hint at some dark and sinister secret. In pre-war Germany, where they used to have horrid little signposts pointing out the "beautiful view!" and where "the leaning of the body out of the railway carriage window is, on account of the therewith involved danger to life, most strongly forbidden", the writer, travelling to Hanover, was once asked on the train by a ticket collector where

he was going: on giving his destination he was told, much to his joy and enlightenment, "So, well then at Hanover must you get out." No doubt it was the same meticulous care and thoroughness which, during the war, evolved the first German word for "tank," viz.: "*Schützengrabenvernichtigungsautomobil*"[1] — how different from the spirited French word "*char d'assaut.*"

But, when all is said and done, a certain amount of red tape is indispensable. It is a kind of red tape, the doing of things in an orderly and correct manner, which prevents us from going to bed without first removing our boots, an act that is apt to lead to misapprehension; from which we see that domestic happiness, or at all events, tranquillity, depends largely on red tape. In short, red tape is only a vulgar phrase for method and order.

[1] Possibly the painful scribe who invented this word was paid by the line.

"WHAT THEY FOUGHT EACH OTHER FOR"

"WHAT THEY FOUGHT EACH OTHER FOR"

STANDING in front of a portrait of the late Lord Fisher, and contemplating it through a lorgnette a Young Person in Pink, whose bump of veneration must have been represented by a slight depression, was overheard to exclaim, in a pleasing voice, but with a kind of drawling disdain: "Is *that* the face that launched a thousand ships?" An unkind quotation this, for the features of the gallant gargoyle[1] in question must have borne about as much resemblance to those of Helen as a real idol does to a *matinée* idol. But it sets one meditating on the causes of wars, or as the ingenuous Peterkin put it to his long-suffering grandfather, Old Kaspar, "what they fought each other for." And here it should be remarked that the causes of a war are very different from the pretexts for, or the occasions of, a war. One can rarely put one's finger on one particular point and say that it, and it alone, was the cause of any given war. Take the Trojan War, for instance. It is only fair to Helen to remember that when Paris left Sparta and took her with him, he also included in his baggage, with culpable carelessness, a considerable sum of money belonging to Menelaus. This may have rankled, and perhaps Helen's face was not entirely to blame.[2]

[1] "Your face was absolutely demoniacal" — King Edward, to Lord Fisher, according to one of the latter's "Memories."

[2] Mr. Payne Knight was so ungallant as to argue that no nations would be so mad as to go to war "for one little woman" — no true knight this.

It is not safe to trust generalizations. Swift, with that engaging cynicism which makes his works such pleasant reading, remarks "Sometimes a war is entered upon because the enemy is too strong, and sometimes because he is too weak." Bismarck made the Topsy-like remark of the wars which he engineered, not disdaining in one case to go perilously near to forgery,[1] that they "lay in the logic of history." No doubt he had his Prussian tongue in his Junker cheek when he said this, for it is the kind of argument that might (if he were daft) be used by a dishonest jockey carpeted before the stewards for pulling a horse. One would give much to see the faces, and to hear the language, of those august beings, on a jockey urging that his mount was predestined to be beaten. Unfortunately there is no international tribunal empowered to "warn off" unscrupulous statesmen.

Bismarck's methods, indeed, remind one rather of the behaviour of the Bedouin as described by Gibbon. "If a Bedoween discovers from afar a solitary traveller, he rides furiously against him, crying with a loud voice, 'Undress thyself, thy aunt is without a garment.'" Anxiety inspired by the nudity of other people's aunts is, no doubt, most laudable on general principles, but it should not be used as a pretext for theft.

One can get a general sort of idea of the causes of wars by classifying them. There are, for instance, religious wars, wars of aggression, wars of succession, balance-of-power wars, trade wars and wars on a point of honour, to mention a few. International lawyers also talk, oddly

[1] It is quite usual in French accounts of the Ems Dispatch to see Bismarck described as *le faussaire*. "That night Bismarck said his prayers with unusual fervency" (C. G. Robertson). He may well have done so!

enough, of "unsolemn wars", *i.e.*, when two nations slip into a war without any solemnity or formal declaration. They also used to write of an odd "kind of war" which they called "general reprisals." This was when the sovereign gave his subjects permission to seize the persons and property of another power. De Witt, the Grand Pensionary (this sounds a very pleasant job) of the States General, declared that he saw no difference between general reprisals and open war. He appears to have been a sensible man, except, perhaps, to these same international lawyers. And here I would remark that to the uninitiated, those who have received a call to no bar but the saloon and the private, there are two very curious things about international law. In the first place, it is not law and in the second place, many of the authorities on it have such extraordinary names, witness Bynkershoek, Miltitz, Kluber, Wolfius, Burlamaqui, Travers Twiss, Wenk, Puffendorf, Kamptz and F. E. Smith. Could any one invent more tortuous reasonings than a man called Travers Twiss? Is not an authority called Bynkershoek likely to make any subject he touches as clear as mud? Who could withstand the Prussian arguments of a Kluber? [1] And are not some other of these names, as Voltaire said of Habakkuk, *capable de tout?*

Even Vattel, one of the greatest authorities on the Law of Nations, does not seem to be free from the midsummer madness that these names suggest. Talking of the Rape of the Sabines, he says it was entirely justified,

[1] I wonder if he was any connection to Sir Thomas Clubber, the officer in command at Chatham Dockyard in the eighteen-thirties. Sir Thomas may well have been, unlike Crummles, a Prussian.

because "a nation can only preserve and perpetuate itself by propagation." This, as the dog's-meat man said, "is a self-evident proposition." But he hastily adds — "how damnably unjust!" any woman reader may rightly exclaim — "No nation was obliged to furnish the Amazons with males."[1]

Religious wars are, happily, in civilized countries at all events, a thing of the past. The Crusades are, perhaps, the most remarkable instances of religious wars, but even here trade was to a certain extent making use of religion as a pretext. In 1096, the Doge of Venice "recommended the official acceptance of the Crusade upon the grounds of religion — and of commercial utility."[2] A similar religious enthusiasm caused the Venetians to join the Fourth Crusade, and, incidentally, to sack Constantinople. The world will probably never see again such enthusiasm for war as there was for the First Crusade. "The most savage countries," as Malmsbury puts it, "contributed followers." He proceeds to dot the i's; "the Welshman left his hunting, the Scotch his fellowship with vermin, the Dane his drinking party, the Norwegian his raw fish."

And here, as an odd instance of the way in which national characteristics persist through the ages, it is interesting to note that Macaulay, writing of the English traveller in Scotland, in 1689, says, "he would rise from

[1] But it has been pointed out to the writer by a kind and learned critic that the Amazons were known as men-slayers, "who killed any men with whom they had any commerce," so one can understand the reluctance of their contemporaries to intermarry with them. No one would like to see an announcement of his marriage in the papers, knowing that his name would in consequence shortly appear in an adjacent column.

[2] Brown's "Venetian Republic."

his couch half poisoned with stench and half mad with the itch." But, "Look who's here!" as they say at the cinema: Caledonia, looking even sterner and wilder than usual! So let us hastily apologize by asking, Where in these isles is there a finer — or colder — city than Edinburgh? What part of England produces brawer (*i.e.* more, or rather mair, braw) lassies than Scotland? Has not modern research proved that Nero (as if his character were not black enough already) while Rome was burning, played, not the fiddle, but the bagpipe? Can London point to any street, with the possible exception of that noble thoroughfare, the Edgware Road, (known to the aborigines as "Edgerro") at all like Sauchiehall Street? No wonder that in Glasgow they have adopted the Neapolitan proverb, and exclaim with pride to the bewildered southerner, "Hoots, mon, see Sauchiehall Street and gang oot!"

But to return to the Crusades. Bishops,[1] it will be remembered, as the Church abhorred the shedding of blood, went armed with clubs, and would knock down a Saracen and beat him to death quite calmly. And they had odd companions, "*vulgus, tam casti quam incesti, adulteri, homicidæ, fures, perjuri, prædones, quin et sexus fæminiminus.*" One may well ask, *que diable allaient-ils faire dans cette galère?* A far more motley crowd than the Duke's son, cook's son, and their companions, of Mr. Kipling's verse.

Amongst wars due to religious fervour the Hussite

[1] General Leonidas Polk, of the Confederate States, who was killed in the Atlanta campaign in 1864, was before and throughout the war, Bishop of Louisiana. He baptized General J. E. Johnston between two battles, and "thought nothing of it", like the late Mr. Gear.

Wars should be of interest to soldiers, owing to the use made in them of the *hradba vozova.* This, the invention of Ziska, was a kind of mediæval kinsman of the tank. It was, in fact, an armoured wagon, and owed its existence to the fact that Ziska had to evolve for his forces, which consisted almost entirely of infantry, some means of coping with the attack of horsemen. Lashed together with iron chains they made a kind of lager in defence, but were also used for attack, sharpshooters being placed next to the drivers of the wagons.[1] Ziska, one-eyed, pious and simple, has been compared by historians to Oliver Cromwell. His martial ardour was such that (so it is said) when he died he left directions that his body should be flayed and his skin used as a drum, an instance of professional zeal of great, and in these days unequalled, rarity. The Hussite Wars are also of interest from their connection with King Wenceslaus, that excellent monarch who, on a famous occasion, emerged from wherever he was, "looked out" and contemplated a wintry world. Historians mention the deplorable fact that he was "much addicted to drunkenness"; this is hinted at in the carol, in which, it will be remembered, he calls loudly for wine.

Wars caused by a point of honour are probably a thing of the past. In 1661, Louis XIV nearly declared war on Spain, because the Spanish ambassador in London, De Watteville, placed his coach in front of that belonging to the French ambassador. This resulted in what modern reporters call "un ugly fracas", in which the Spaniards dragged the coachman from the French ambassadorial box after ham-stringing the horses. A somewhat similar case

[1] See Count Lützow's "Bohemia."

occurred in 1830, when one of the reasons why the French invaded Algeria was that the Dey in an audience with the French Consul-general, lost his temper and "*lui porta plusieurs coups d'un chasse-mouche qu'il tenait à la main, et lui ordonna de se retirer.*" No one could be expected to stand this, for, as the anonymous Junius says, "to depart in the minutest article from the niceness and strictness of punctilio, is as dangerous to national honour as it is to female virtue. The woman who admits of one familiarity seldom knows where to stop, or what to refuse; and when the counsels of a great country give way in a single instance, when they are once inclined to submission, every step accelerates the rapidity of their descent." As the old saying puts it, "Familiarity breeds attempts."

Somewhat akin to the point-of-honour wars are some of the minor British campaigns, when some dusky monarch has objected to or ignored our *Civis Britannicus* attitude. The Abyssinian War comes partly into this category. It might, however, be argued that the real reason for this war was the dilatoriness of the Foreign Office. The British Consul in Abyssinia, C. D. Cameron, was charged by King Theodore to forward to Queen Victoria a letter containing a proposal that he should send an embassy to England. The letter was duly sent. It was a most polite letter. It began, "I hope Your Majesty is in good health. By the power of God I am well." But the Foreign Office appears to have filed it, or mislaid it, or forgotten it. Theodore was annoyed, and imprisoned the British Consul; having acquired the habit, when Mr. Rassam arrived, bearing at last an answer to the long-

neglected letter, he threw him also into prison. Perhaps the moral is that a Government Department should be punctiliously polite to a descendant of the Queen of Sheba — a descendant who was so proud of his lineage that it is said that he contemplated making the widowed Queen of England an offer of marriage. To tell the truth, at this period, Whitehall does not appear to have been at its best. A few months later, in 1869, a Mr. Higginbotham complained in the Legislature of Victoria, that "the Colonies were governed by a person named Rogers", referring to the chief clerk in the Colonial Office. It has also been stated that about this time, in another Government Office, which shall be nameless, an official letter was sent to Stowe House, addressed, "Messrs. Buckingham & Chandos." But it was a Minister, not a permanent official, who, when his private secretary (let us call him the Hon. Harry Highbrow, afterwards Lord I'amtoadd) casually remarked that he had discovered an anacoluthon in a recently received dispatch, exclaimed with horror and dismay depicted on his noble and intelligent countenance, "Good God! Did you kill it?"

As befits a nation of shopkeepers[1] many wars have been trade wars. A good instance is the first Dutch War, which was occasioned by the Navigation Act of 1651, directed against Holland's oversea trade. This war brought in its train the expedition against the Spanish West Indies, a filibustering expedition largely due to the fact that Cromwell, having made peace with the Dutch, found himself with "one hundred and sixty sail of brave

[1] This phrase, often used by Napoleon, first occurs in a book by M. A. B. Mangourit, a French spy, *Vogue en Hanovre*, 1805.

and well-appointed ships swimming at sea." The Protector's apologists say that this expedition was not for plunder, but a "spirited Protestant demonstration in force." This sounds a Pickwickian, not to say Pecksniffian apology. It would be equally difficult to justify another of England's trade wars, the Opium War of 1840, with China. It was chiefly trade which was responsible for the American War of Independence, or Revolutionary War, according to one's point of view. An American historian, J. Fiske, puts it well. "As in Mrs. Gamp's case, a teapot became the occasion of a division between friends." There are many "if's" in history, and one of the most curious is, if on the 8th of May, 1767, Charles Townshend at dinner had not drunk too much champagne he would not have made his celebrated "champagne speech", which had such a wild success that it appears to have gone to his head, and he might not have brought forward, as he did a few days later, his mad "plan for producing a revenue on imports into America." And, another quaint "if"; if the House of Commons had taken the advice of Alderman Beckford (father of the author of "Vathek"), "Do like the best of physicians and heal the disease by doing nothing," the Boston Tea Party might never have taken place, and England might now "shorely" be a part of "those United States", and be using instead of the languid "Hear! Hear!" the vivacious "Attaboy!"

Amongst the wars that ought never to have been allowed to take place an outstanding example is England's war with America in 1812. As Colonel Vestal of the United States Army puts it in his most interesting vol-

ume, "The Maintenance of Peace", "the country which professed liberty as a creed arrayed itself on the side of a nation which threatened to enslave the whole world." Tactless English ministers, American statesmen blind to what Great Britain was fighting for, the old question of the Right of Search, gratitude to France for help during the Revolution, all these helped to bring about the war. It is very pleasant to know that this same gratitude was one of the reasons why the United States took up Germany's glove in 1917. One of the most picturesque incidents of the late war must have been General Pershing standing in Paris in front of the statue of Lafayette, saluting and crying with a loud voice, "*Lafayette, nous voici!*"

Another American historian, W. F. Johnson, approves Lord Liverpool's words that "the war [of 1812] on the part of America had been a war of passion, of party spirit, and not a war of policy, of interest, or of necessity." In Boston, which was bitterly opposed to it, it was called at the time: "Mr. Madison's [1] War." There were two curious incidents connected with this war. On June 16, 1812, the British Government announced that the Orders in Council, which were the chief bone of contention, would be withdrawn. But before this news could reach Washington, the United States officially declared war on the eighteenth of June. Peace was signed on December 24, 1814, but, before this was known in the United States, the battle

[1] Whom that extraordinary character, G. F. Cooke, the American tragedian, called "the King of the Yankee-doodles." But he atoned for this. When he was hissed at Liverpool he shouted from the stage, "There's not a brick in your dirty town but what is cemented by the blood of a Negro." The hissing stopped.

of New Orleans was fought on January 8, 1815, and England received a bad beating.

Of wars of aggression one of the most monstrous and unjust wars ever waged was that of Frederick the Great Robber King when he invaded Silesia. He was perfectly frank about it. One of his excuses was "the desire to make a name." "I scorn your European system of international law" was another of his pleasant remarks. According to Voltaire he gave as a pretext, "Troops always ready to act,[1] my well-filled treasury and the vivacity of my disposition — these were my reasons for making war upon Maria Theresa." The situation of Austria was another admirable reason: as Frederick puts it in his "Histoire de mon temps": "*Les finances étoient dérangées, l'armée étoit délabrée et décour agée . . . avec cela placez à la tête de ce gouvernement une jeune princesse sans expérience.*" This last excuse for breaking a solemn engagement, the Pragmatic Sanction (what a name for a state paper!), must surely satisfy any reasonable being. It certainly seems to have satisfied Carlyle, who, in a passage rather resembling Mr. Curdle's comments on the Infant Phenomenon, writes, "a veracious man he was, at all points, not even conscious of his veracity." So may a highwayman who holds a pistol to his victim's head, observing, "I am armed and you are not: your money or your life," be called a veracious man. This much may, however, be said for Frederick: that he did not indulge

[1] The now defunct, or camouflaged, *Grosser Generalstab*, in its history of the wars of Frederick the Great, is equally frank, and gives as an excuse for the invasion, "*die Schlagfertigkeit des preussischen Heeres gegenüber der militarischen Schwache Oesterreichs*" — gross and unblushing candour indeed.

in the canting humbug of a successor who, in 1870, wrote home, in the often quoted parody of Coventry Patmore: —

> The Lord be praised, my dear Augusta,
> We've won a battle — such a buster!
> Ten thousand Frenchmen sent below,
> "Praise God from whom all blessings flow!"

Nor would he have been guilty of the hypocrisy of a later successor, whose heart "bled for Louvain."

The reasons given at the time for embarking on a war are often of the most trivial nature. In 1672 Charles II declared war on Holland on a very flimsy pretext. In the words of Hume, "the detention of some English in Surinam is mentioned, though it appears that these persons had voluntarily remained there: the refusal of a Dutch fleet on their own coasts to strike [1] to an English yacht is much aggravated; and, to piece up all these pretensions some abusive pictures are mentioned." This was an allusion to a portrait of Cornelius de Witt, showing in the background some ships on fire in a harbour, which the touchy Charles rightly assumed to be Chatham, and resented. But, alas! the real reason for this war was a bribe from Louis XIV, which took the form both of hard cash and "the childish, simple baby face" of Mlle. de Querouaille. Still, Stuarts will be Stuarts and it is difficult not to forgive them anything.

Another trivial excuse was that of Peter the Great,

[1] *i.e.* lower their colours. The yacht in question was the King's yacht, the *Merlin*, with Lady Temple on board; the Commander, Captain Crow, as the scheme miscarried was, on his return to London, thrown into the Tower.

who justified his war on Charles XII of Sweden by publishing a manifesto to the effect that "they had not paid him sufficient honours when he went incognito to Riga, and that they had charged his ambassadors too high for provisions." Of recent years this last pretext might well have set the whole world a-fighting again.

The Muse of History in ancient times appears to have resembled a blowsy, bouncing, rustic maiden, ready, as is the custom of rustic maidens (so one has read), to listen eagerly to any story and to swallow it without so much as saying "My!" Nowadays Clio is a very different person, a regular unbelieving Thomasine, a kind of a Girtonized Miss Blimber, with horn-rimmed glasses, and as capable as any Judge on the Bench — more, perhaps, than some — of weighing evidence for and against. The statement that oysters induced Julius Cæsar to invade Britain is, as Huckleberry Finn remarked of some passages in the books lent him by Miss Watson, "interesting, but tough." Still, there it is, "*spes margaritarum*," so Suetonius tells us, was one of the reasons why the Romans invaded us. One can picture the legionaries "a-opening oysters like steam", as Mr. Ben Allen did, and one can fancy their disgust at finding inside no pearls, but simply "*bivalva suculenta*", as, no doubt, they called them. It was probably disappointment that led Julius Cæsar to pen the unkind remark that "no one ever thought of visiting Britain unless he had some substantial reason for it."

The amiable Anacharsis remarked, "the general character of all wars is the same: they originate in the ambition of princes and terminate in the misery of the people."

There certainly have been many wars in which the winning side has had little to show for its expenditure of life and money. Apart from honour and glory and Miss Nightingale[1] and her reforms, what benefit did Great Britain derive from the Crimean War? All that the writer can think of is a collection of Russian books, now under his charge in the War Office Library, which came from the Garrison Library at Sebastopol. The custody of the Holy Places was made the pretext, but the causes of the war would seem to have been partly personal and partly the so-called will of Peter the Great, which urged his successors at all costs to extend northward and southward and to advance as far as possible towards Constantinople and India: "to work out this raise wars continuously." On the personal side one cause undoubtedly lay in the Czar's attitude to Napoleon III, whom he persisted in addressing as "*mon cher ami*" instead of "*Monsieur, mon frère.*" In this matter, however, Napoleon III scored with true French politeness: he said to the Russian Ambassador at his first audience, "*vous remercierez chalereusement Sa Majesté Impériale de sa bienveillance et surtout du mot de bon ami dont elle s'est servie, car l'on subit ses frères et l'on choisit ses amis.*" "*Décidément,*" said the Ambassador as he left the Tuileries, "*c'est quelqu'un.*" Another personal point is that the Czar Nicholas and Stratford Canning, whom he had refused to receive as British Ambassador at St. Petersburg,[2] had always been opposed to each other.

[1] Who, however, according to Mr. Lytton Strachey, seems to have been rather a blessing in disguise.

[2] Mr. Labouchere said "the Crimean War was Stratford Canning's revenge."

NAPOLEON III

From the painting by Chappel

Moreover, the Czar never believed that Great Britain would show fight: he was certain that "because of her Peace Party, her traders and her Prime Minister, it was impossible for England to move" (Kinglake). Of recent years another Emperor and his advisers made almost exactly the same mistake — this is why we are called "perfidious."

It was a violent explosion that helped to bring about the war of 1859, for it was Orsini's bomb, in 1858, which caused Napoleon III to decide that it was necessary to "do something for Italy." It also had another remarkable result. The bomb was Birmingham-made, and this so inflamed the French nation that the *Journal Officiel* was filled with letters, ostensibly of congratulation on the Emperor's escape but really denouncing England. Most of these letters came from the colonels of various French regiments, one of whom went so far as to demand: "*que le repaire infâme où s'ourdissent d'aussi infernales machinations soit détruit à tout jamais: le pays le demande à grands cris, et l'armée saurait y dépenser jusqu'à la dernière goutte de son sang.*" The result in England was the Volunteer movement of 1859, so the Birmingham bomb helped to free Italy and revived the Volunteers.

Secret diplomacy, the ambitions of sovereigns, the vagaries of their mistresses, the intrigues of ministers, all these have been often blamed as the causes of wars in the past. But were they any worse than the modern Press? The Spanish-American War, owing to Spanish misgovernment, and American interests, in Cuba, was no doubt inevitable. But it is impossible to say anything in defence

of the journal which dug up from its files an old plate representing an eclipse of the sun and reproduced it as a photograph of the hole made in the *Maine*, which, it is extremely probable, was destroyed by a mine placed in position not by the Spanish, but by the Cuban insurgents. Another paper got hold of, and printed, a private letter from Señor de Lome, the Spanish Minister in Washington, in which President McKinley was described as "a cheap politician." The real Yellow Peril is not China or Japan, but the yellow Press.

Many hard things have been said about the Balance of Power by those who think that Utopia can be run up as quickly as a jerry-built villa, and it has been blamed as the cause of many wars. But what exactly is the Balance of Power? It exists, as has been well said by Professor Oppenheim, "to prevent any member of the Family of Nations from becoming omnipotent." Louis XIV and Napoleon I both threatened the balance of power; to restore its equilibrium was the object of the nations who combined against *le Roi Soleil*, and, as our simple ancestors put it, the Corsican Ogre. Up to 1867, in the preamble to the Mutiny Act, "the preservation of the balance of power in Europe" was given as one of the reasons why we maintained an army. These words were struck out at the instigation of Mr. Bright,[1] to whom Europe meant nothing and Manchester everything. He described it (the balance of power) as "a foul idol — fouler than any heathen tribe ever worshipped." Perhaps, perhaps not, but by no means so foul, all decent

[1] Whom Palmerston, a typical John Bull, regarded as "a displeasing mixture of the bagman and the preacher." (Lord Morley.)

people will agree, as child labour in factories, an infamy which had this good man's cordial approval. To the average person it is a mystery why this eloquent orator, who had so many noble ideals, should have thought that children should have been better employed sweating their little hearts out in factories rather than playing in fields, or what pass for fields in the Black Country. After all, to denounce the balance of power is rather like denouncing a dentist's forceps: this may be a very foul instrument when one thinks of it while sitting in the dentists' waiting room, but it serves an excellent purpose. So does the policeman's truncheon, though no doubt many have a violent objection to it.

There were printed on the events leading up to the late European War, Blue Books, Yellow Books, Red Books, Green Books and White Books: indeed, a German publisher, with unwonted humour, combined them all in a *Regenbogen* Book. But the historian of the future will search them in vain for any mention of the real original causes of the war, though he will find many pretexts. But when a parvenu empire indulges extensively in aspirations for *Weltmacht*, and in general swollen-headedness; when it takes as a motto for its mercantile marine, "*Mein Feld ist die Welt*"; when it develops an Army and Navy all dressed up and nowhere to go; when "*Ich*", its ruler, perpetually talks about "buckling on" ("swashbuckling on" would be a better term) "shining armour" in a style of eloquence rather like that of the showman outside a tent, inside which the Fattest Lady in the World and the United States are coyly lurking — all these, taken together, are more than enough to make

the delicate balance of power wobble like the hand of an automatic weighing machine when the most famous citizen of Beaconsfield gets on the foot plate.

Perhaps a minor cause would be obvious to any one who gazes on a photograph of the ex-Emperor in mufti which was very popular in Germany before the war, although to an Englishman it seems most astonishing that the photographer did not spend the rest of his unartistic life in a fortress for *Majestätsbeleidigung*. One should always be polite to Fallen Grandeur, and indeed, to all members of what somebody (perhaps O. Henry) has called the largest club in the world, the "Down-and-Out Club." It is enough, therefore, to say, in a dead language, that this photograph might with justice have inscribed under it "*Arrius, totus, teres atque rotundus.*" The editor of the *Tailor and Cutter*, that stern *arbiter elegantiarum*, would probably add the lines: —

> Those pressing prevailers,
> The ready-made tailors,
> Quote me as their great double-barrel,
> Their great double-barrel!
> I allow them to do so,
> Though Robinson Crusoe
> Would jib at their wearing-apparel —
> *Such* wearing-apparel!

But what of the future, now that, in most countries, King Demos is sitting, in some cases rather uneasily, upon the throne? Religious wars and wars of succession are, as a Café Royaliste would say, *démodé*. Perhaps Demos, though it seems a hard thing to say, has not such a nice sense, we will not say, of honour, but of punctilio, so we

can rule out wars on a point of honour. But trade and the necessity for new markets still remain a possible source of dispute; the blessings of modern civilization (and, incidentally, of partition) have not yet permeated China as they did Africa during the nineteenth century; the Pacific Ocean seems destined to belie its name; the question of "nationalities" is a very prickly question. But at least we have made a certain amount of progress. Somebody said in the Victorian age: "After all, what is Europe? Half a dozen wicked old baldheads sitting round a green table." Now, democrats, like other people, may be wicked, unless they live at some Asses-milk-cum-Water, but they are not as a rule bald. Often indeed, they are horribly hirsute.

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